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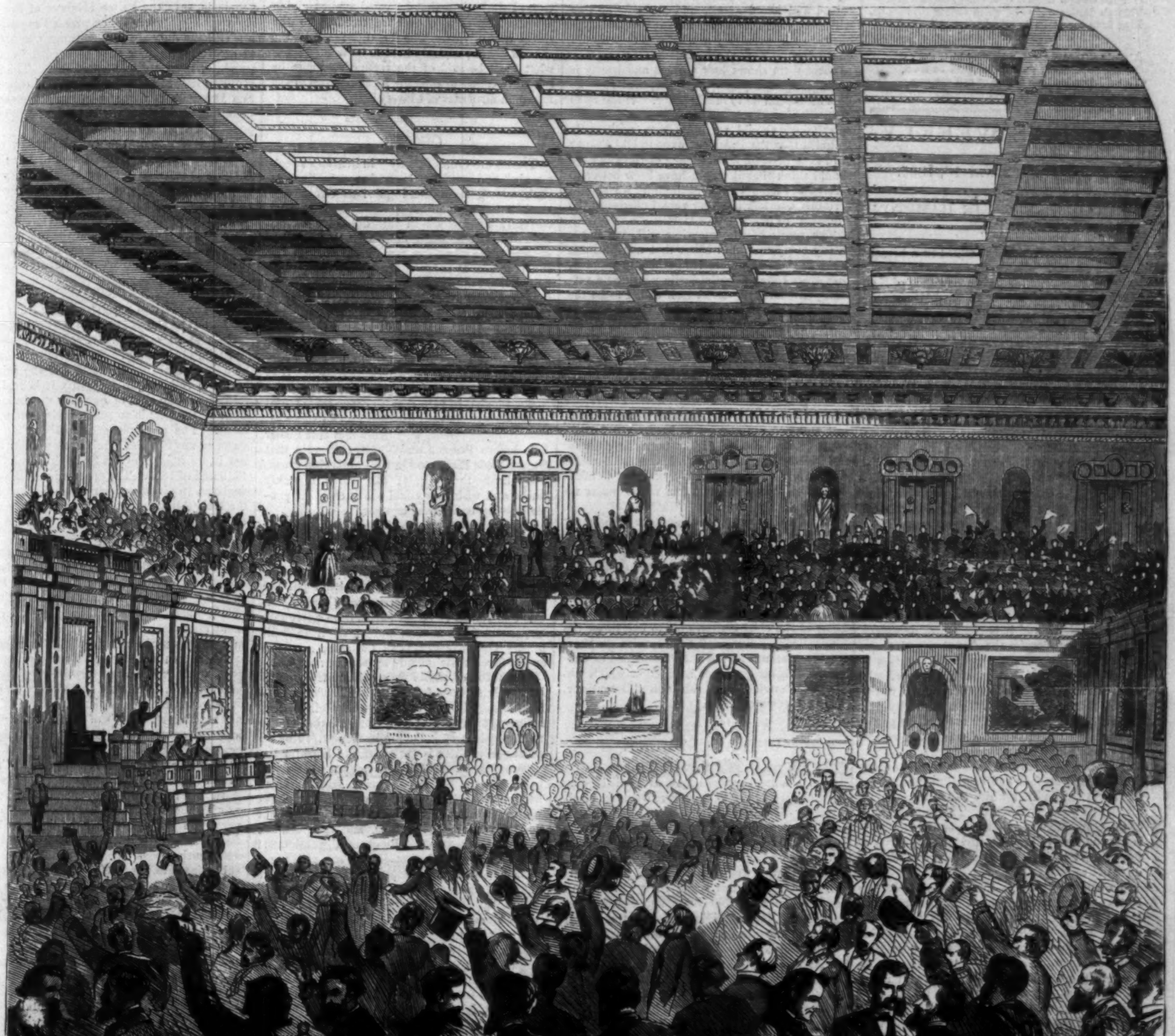


SCENE IN THE HOUSE ON THE PASSAGE OF THE PROPOSITION TO AMEND THE CONSTITUTION, JANUARY 31, 1865.

FREE AMERICA.

A SHOUT of joy is ringing through the land,
And men long bowed and broken rise and stand,
As if uplifted by God's bared right hand—
Our country shall be free!

The great decree enfolds the final deed;
No doubtful future closes round our need;
The blessed fruit hangs ripe within the seed—
Our country *now* is free!

Our mighty sacrifice has wafted sweet
Prevailing incense to God's judgment-seat;
Our martyrs sitting by the angels' feet
Know their earth-home is free.

God said, "Let Freedom be," as erst "Let Light,"
And burst a new creation on our sight,
Created in our hearts, and named aright
America the Free!

By this we pass from pain to realms of balm,
Striking our lessening tumult through with calm,
Harmonious, holy, happy, with the psalm—
Our native land is free.

O'er life's warm heights within the luminous sky,
Through death's cold vales where endless shadows lie,
Ring forth the psalm to all who live and die—
Our land—our land is free!

Almighty God! we swear by Thy high throne,
Though pain, blood, peril in our path be sown,
This glorious land we now may call our own
Shall be forever free!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

THE CONFERENCE IN HAMPTON ROADS.

THE Conference of Tilsit ended in a breach of faith upon the part of ALEXANDER of Russia with his allies and his acceptance of NAPOLEON'S terms. That is to say, NAPOLEON having conquered ALEXANDER in battle, informed him upon what terms he might have peace. This is the natural and historical end of every war. When two parties appeal to the sword, the sword inevitably and alone decides. It may be ingeniously masked, but it is there, and its edge is the true arbitrator.

This is as true in our war as it has ever been in any. Indeed it is peculiarly true in ours, as we endeavored to show last week, because the point at issue is so vital and so simple. The indefatigable reporters at Washington and elsewhere, and the extraordinary editors, who print upon one page the most harrowing accounts of the atrocious barbarism of rebels toward loyal soldiers, and upon another speak of the rebel chiefs as "eminent Confederates," have produced a very unnecessary confusion in the public mind by talking of "terms," and "negotiations," and "treaties," and "concessions."

For our own part we have constantly attempted to show, and it is constantly necessary to repeat, that, despite the duration and scope and infinite sorrow of the war, the question is not only very simple, but its solution is perfectly plain. The authority of the Government of the United States is attacked. That authority will be maintained or lost. It can not be partly maintained and partly lost, for the same reason that a man's honor or a woman's virtue can not be; for the same reason that twice two can not sometimes make four and sometimes three; for the same reason that white can not be partly black, and good partly bad. The just authority of the Government is supreme, or it is not. It is not supreme if it yields any just authority to force; and it does yield to force if the force does not utterly fail.

To suppose that the President or Secretary SEWARD could propose any thing but unconditional submission, first of all, was to suppose that they were hopeless of subduing the rebellion or that they were traitors. The latter supposition was ludicrous. The former was impossible, because the President had already said in his Message that peace was always to be had upon submission; and the Secretary had said at the meeting of the Christian Commission, only three days before he went to Fortress Monroe, that it only remained for a party vanquished in the field to offer its submission. The conference in Hampton Roads was thus, not only by the necessities of the case which they understood, but by their own expressed and natural intelligence of the situation, reduced to one simple question and answer: "Do you submit?" If the answer was Yes, there would be peace. If the answer was No, there would be war.

As to what the answer was likely to be no man competent to form an opinion could differ. The gentlemen who mysteriously hinted that peace was much nearer than was generally supposed, who did not wish to excite public expectation—*but* if the public expectation was great, it would probably not be disappointed—seem to us simply to have forgotten the history of the last thirty years which some of them are engaged in nobly writing.

The rebel agents, or "eminent Confederates," were the representatives of the men who will fight to the last moment, and then retreat upon the provision they have made in Europe. Rebels like DAVIS and BENJAMIN do not wish, and do not mean, to become once more loyal citizens of the United States. They mean to hurl every man they can against the bayonets of United States soldiers, and when they see they can hurl no more, then to save themselves. And this they will do just so long as they can control the military despotism which "eminent Confederates" call "the Confederate Government." To suppose that such men would send agents to offer their submission, is to betray a credulity and an ignorance of the workings of human nature, and of the lessons of universal history almost beyond belief.

The question of "dignity" in the course of the President does not, we confess, seem to us very distressing. The facts are at this writing not known beyond the single one of his repairing to Fortress Monroe. The reasons of his going there rather than remaining in Washington may be many; but there is one which may have weighed heavily with him, and that is, the absolute freedom from interlopers which was secured by going there, to which may be added the presence of Lieutenant-General GRANT if wanted. If the Commissioners were to be received and heard at all, and probably no one will deny that they were, then it was mainly a question of convenience in what spot they should be received. That the President went part way to meet them shows how earnest and hearty is his wish to satisfy the most skeptical that he does all he can do to attain peace. If the rebel agents had really come to offer unconditional submission, should we have been profoundly troubled that the President went to Old Point? And even if, upon a knowledge of the facts, we should think that it would have been better to receive the agents at Washington, we should certainly consider it a very venial offense in the President to hold another view.

The result of the interview will, we hope, satisfy every man and editor that our business is not to suppose, nor to lead others to suppose, that every time an enthusiastic youth or a veteran politician believes himself called to be the medium of peace, it is worth while to speculate in double leads about any of the possible consequences. If the visit of Mr. BLAIR to Richmond produced the rebel embassy, the truth still remained unchanged, that, if they did not come to propose unconditional submission, we were no nearer peace than we were before. The rebels who figured as peace apostles at Niagara Falls last summer are alleged to be the chief engineers of the diabolical plot to burn the cities of the North, and of the murderous raids along the border. They too are "eminent Confederates," we suppose; but fine words butter no parsnips.

A body of unscrupulous chiefs are waging war upon the Government. They control a population which has been trained for more than a generation in the bitterest hostility to that Government and to their fellow-citizens at the North. This population is ignorant and brave. The contest, waged for four years, has shown the inability of the chief conspirators to overthrow the Government. But until their armies are thoroughly beaten, or until the imminence of universal disaster produces a reaction which disposes of the chiefs, the rebellion will continue, and the dream of Peace is folly.

THE AMENDMENT.

IT can not be said that the Yankees do not learn. When the war began, General BUTLER offered his soldiers to repress movements of the slaves. Generals HALLECK and M'CLELLAN made themselves disagreeably notorious in repelling the best sources of information; and from one end of the country to the other it was agreed that it was a war for the Union only. So it was; so it has been; so it will be to the end. But that the Union and Slavery were henceforth incompatible, and that the country must choose the one or the other, was by no means a general popular conviction.

At the opening of the fifth year of the war, the country having thought the matter over, has now seen what some men have always seen, that Slavery in a Union like ours has been, and always must be, the root of civil war. Congress, therefore, recommends the constitutional abolition of Slavery, and the country cries Amen! This result has been so inevitable since the war began that the only surprise now is the agreeable one that the present Congress has done the work.

As for the fifty-six members who voted against the proposition it is difficult to speak with sufficient condemnation or contempt. A system opposed to every divine law and humane instinct obtains, under the conviction that it is rapidly perishing, a foothold in the Union. Suddenly it renews its life; swells into towering importance; debauches and demoralizes the nation; controls legislation by open threats; and finally loses its absolute and universal ascendency in every department of the Government. Thereupon it organizes a fierce conspiracy, and for four years tries to destroy the nation. At last the nation decides to remove it, and fifty-six representatives resist upon the incredible ground that it is an inopportune time; that the public mind is excited; and that the rebels themselves do not share in the legislation for its extinction. According to this extraordinary theory, when a patient lies in mortal peril from a fever contracted in the fetid air of his chamber, it is better to wait until he is cured before the room is ventilated. The absurdity would be irresistible if the folly were not criminal.

A body of fifty-six Charles Firsts of England, or as many Charles Tenths of France, is the only parallel we can imagine for this ludicrous group of American citizens. Neither the French nor the English Charles would ever believe that the people were in earnest. Neither the Bourbon nor the Stuart could learn any thing from arguments or from blows. And this faction in the free States, which moribund Slavery leads by the nose, is at once the Jacobin and Jacobite element in our politics; Jacobin in its appeals to all that is most dastardly in human nature, and Jacobite in its tenacious clutch upon whatever denies the original rights of men.

For the last twenty years events have been trying the public men of this country until the very dregs at last appear. It is the most terrible record of the century. An honorable man hereafter would a thousandfold rather say that his ancestor voted against separation from Great Britain than that he voted against giving a lawful, peaceful chance of freedom to the slaves in America. The fortunes made in the slave-trade is popularly held to be tainted; but what shall be said of the reputation made by solemnly voting against the legal removal of the inhuman atrocities of Slavery?

CROWS.

THERE are crows that fly "in heaven's sweetest air," and we have been always inclined to rank among them the lugubrious Greek who would count no man happy until he died. But certainly we include in this doleful company the croakers who continually sigh that nothing is done while any thing remains to do. If the sun is to rise at seven o'clock, they tell you at half past six that nothing has happened yet. If they were sailing to India, and had passed the Cape of Good Hope, they would still insist that, as they had not arrived, there was plainly no chance of arriving.

These are the gentlemen who are always sure that the rebellion can not be suppressed. It is in vain that SHERIDAN scatters EARLY in the Shenandoah; in vain that THOMAS routs HOOD in Tennessee; in vain that SHERMAN sweeps resistless through Georgia; in vain that Fort Fisher falls before PORTER and TERRY; in vain that GRANT holds Richmond in his unrelaxing grasp. They hear—they admit; they smile a sickly smile, and wish they could see it as other people do—but really they can not.

Of course we are speaking of the genuine growlers, not of those who affect to doubt the success of the Government that they may do their little all to prevent it. The smiling gentry who say, jauntily, "Oh, you can't put the rebels down!" or, sneeringly, "The rebels won't surrender!" speak partly from party rancor, partly from malice, and partly from dullness. They are worthy of the same attention as the fiercest Richmond papers, but no more.

But those of whom we speak are truly patriotic, truly anxious for the national success. Indeed it may be the very ardor of their wishes, acting upon a morbid temperament, that makes them petulant of believing in victory. But we assure them there is yet ground of hope for the national cause. Affairs are not yet utterly desperate for the Union. There is still reason to believe that GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, FARRAGUT, PORTER, SHERIDAN, and TERRY will not suddenly prove to be dolts, and their seamen and soldiers cowards. Be cheerful, gentlemen! Try to understand that if you are walking a mile you need not despair at the end of two thousand yards.

Remember in what condition this country was when Great Bethel and Bull Run were fought, not only of military but of mental preparation. Remember how long and long we were preparing to strike, and how disastrously for ourselves the blow was at last delivered. Remember how we rallied from the Peninsula and BUELL; how the great debate went on, enlightening the public mind as to the real significance of the war, until at length we stand where we do to-day, the policy of the war confirmed by the most prodigious popular approval, the cause of the war constitutionally removed, and the ablest generals and admirals developed by the greatest victories.

Or look at the situation in detail. THOMAS is encamped upon the Tennessee, and there is no rebel force of any importance in the Southwest to resist him. SHERMAN is moving in Carolina; SHERIDAN holds the Shenandoah; the only port of foreign intercourse and blockade-running is closed; and GRANT sits waiting before Richmond. Now this may be a very desperate war, but still it is war. The rebels may be very determined men, but still they are men. War has its inexorable conditions, and human nature its laws. After incessant and disastrous defeats, after the constant loss of men, material, and territory, war ends; and after being baffled, conquered, humiliated on every side, human nature succumbs. Cannon-balls may not persuade a party that it is wrong, but they will presently persuade it that it can no longer advantageously fight. Why should not SHERMAN advance northward to join GRANT? and, once united with him, what will LEE do? Can he hope to give battle in the open field? Can he stay in Richmond? If he goes, can he expect to do more than prolong the death-struggle of the military rebellion?

These are a few of the considerations which we submit to our dismal friends. They need not feed upon apprehensions nor fatten upon doubts. If, in contemplating the public situation, they will use the same common sense as in viewing their private affairs, they will soon reach the conclusion that universal laws are as sure in the one as in the other.

SPAIN AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE most remarkable point in the proposition of NARVAEZ, the Spanish Prime Minister, to relinquish the war in San Domingo and to renounce all claim to the island is the reason he alleges for his action. Spain had supposed, he said, that the people of San Domingo wished to be reincorporated with the Spanish nation; and the right inherent in the unanimous wish of a people is, says the Prime Minister of Spain, a right not disputed. When protests appeared it was still the duty of the Government, he thinks, to ascertain whether they proceeded from the people or from a discontented few. The Government has, in his opinion, satisfied that duty. San Domingo is virtually in arms against annexation, and Spain yields to the indisputable popular wish, and retires.

This is precisely the colonial policy urged upon Great Britain by the wisest of her liberal party. When the mother country, they say, perceives that the colonies are self-supporting and wish to stand alone, let her not repeat the tragical experiment of GEORGE III., but bless them and let them go. Then she becomes truly the mother of noble nations, whose institutions she has inspired, and whose sympathies will be always hers.

Spain, in the case of San Domingo, has doubtless made a merit of necessity. The truth is, she has found she can not scourge the ancient colony back, and so says, loftily, "Depart, my son, and take my blessing." The renunciation may be a little amusing in itself, but the principle which is relied upon to justify it is really nothing less than that of our own revolution, the right of the people to settle their own government. The principle goes further than NARVAEZ or any Spanish minister would like to follow it, for it justifies the Spanish Revolution of 1812 and of 1823. The proposition of NARVAEZ declares, in direct opposition to the doctrine of the Holy Alliance, that governments are founded upon public opinion, and not upon the divine right of kings.

This is another indication of the new political epoch of the world. The wars of the Holy Alliance in Europe, and the rebellion of Slavery in this country, are the last desperate struggles of the ancient system which founded government upon the concessions of a privileged class, and not upon the natural rights of men from which flows the doctrine of the consent of the governed. "We are essentially aristocratic," said JOHN C. CALHOUN. "We seceded to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority," said JEFFERSON DAVIS. Both of these sentiments are in harmony with the late protest of the Pope against modern times, and the laws of human development. They are both worthy of TILMER or of JOSEPH LE MAISTRE.

In his friendly eulogy upon EDWARD EVERETT, the historian BANCROFT in his clear, nervous style, says that his friend would have failed in writing history, because he was not sufficiently accustomed to consider events as subordinate to law. Government is an experimental science, but some of its laws are as clear and computable as those of astronomy. And those in this country who have been in the habit of seriously supposing that the Southern politicians were really statesmen, may see, on the one hand, in the total ruin of all CALHOUN'S theories, and, on the other, in the proposal of NARVAEZ, the difference between a disregard and perception of one of the fundamental laws of the science of government. If men who do not see events in subordination to law can not be historians, they can certainly not be statesmen.

OUR PRISONERS IN REBEL HANDS.

MR. RICHARDSON is a witness risen from the dead. His testimony concerning the treatment of our prisoners by the rebels is so graphic, so harrowing, and so solemn that it should be universally known. He says plainly that the rebels, or the "eminent Confederates," are deliberately killing our robust young men by hunger and cold; and when he escaped they were dying at the rate of thirteen per cent. per month—a mortality which, as he truly says, would in forty-eight hours send the population of any city flying from it as from a pestilence; for a fearful pestilence it would be. Now we have an excess of prisoners by at least fifteen or twenty thousand. "If we will not exchange," he asks, "why don't we retaliate? and if we will not retaliate, why don't we exchange?"

A very small part of the supplies sent to our prisoners from home ever reach them. They are stolen. We know also of instances in which Union officers from West Point have been robbed of cloaks, watches, and boots by their old class-

mates and companions now rebels. One box in six or ten may reach its destination. The rest will be seized by the thieves and hangers-on. Meanwhile the prisoners are dying at the rate of thirteen per cent. a month, or are tortured by hunger and suffering into enlisting in the rebel army.

Mr. RICHARDSON proposes two remedies, either of which, he thinks, will be adequate. The first is an immediate general exchange, by which we shall recover all our prisoners within a month. The second is an immediate special retaliation, not upon the rebel soldiers, but the rebel officers in our custody, giving them, as nearly as possible, the same food, fuel, clothing, and shelter that our own men receive. This, he thinks, will bring the "eminent Confederates" to terms. The rebel leaders care nothing for their men in our hands; but the officers are of the chiefs of the conspiracy; they are of the blue blood of women-whippers and baby-sellers.

In proof of the virtue of this latter course Mr. RICHARDSON refers to the case of the Union Captains SAWYER and FLYNN, who were sentenced by the rebels to be hung. The Government ordered the Commandant at Fortress Monroe to execute LEE and WINDER the moment he should ascertain the threat against our men had been carried out. It never was. Again, when the rebels put our colored prisoners to work in the fortifications of Richmond under fire, General BUTLER informed the rebel authorities that he had placed an equal number of rebel officers on his works under fire. Before the sun set the colored soldiers were put back in Libey, and were never exposed again in the fortifications.

The statement and argument of Mr. RICHARDSON are very forcible, and no question deserves prompter consideration and more decisive action. Yet in suggesting a general exchange does he not forget that the rebels refuse to exchange our colored prisoners?—a point which at least embarrasses an easy settlement. General BUTLER proposed to exchange first the white prisoners man for man, and then he says we should still have held so many more of the rebels than they of our colored prisoners that we could have dictated terms. For some reason this plan was not adopted. Perhaps for this, among others, that it seemed rather absurd to allow an enemy who held fewer of our men than we of theirs to dictate distinctions among our soldiers; and that it was rather a cruel desertion of those who had risked more in enlisting than their brethren in arms, to leave them in the hands of the tormentors, even if they were offset by a larger number of rebel captives. Besides, if we had retained some of the rebel officers as hostages, it might have been impossible to settle the cartel; while, if we had not, the larger number of rebel privates could not have certainly saved the colored Union soldiers.

As to the second suggestion, of retaliation in kind upon the officers, there are two obvious difficulties: The first is, to ascertain exactly what the rebel treatment is; the next is, the impracticability of retaliation in kind when it is ascertained. That rebel officers should be shot to death upon clear proof of the atrocities alleged seems to us a proper retaliation. But that they should be starved to death, or frozen to death, or stung to death by mosquitoes, could no more be tolerated by a decent self-respect than that they should be eaten alive if our soldiers had been so treated by other savages with whom we were at war.

That something should be done, and done at once, we are most cordially agreed. That the Government is of the same opinion, but finds the difficulties very perplexing, we are as fully convinced; and that the testimony of Messrs. RICHARDSON and BROWNE will be a most valuable aid to a wiser and speedier decision we do not doubt.

HOW TO CHEER THE SOLDIERS.

WHOEVER wishes to help the invalid soldiers can do so at a very small expense of personal effort. The great engines like the Sanitary Commission are very apt to paralyze individual exertion by the obvious reflection that while every body is doing something no single body need do any thing. One very good plan of remedying this negligence is the monthly tax of a larger or smaller amount, self-imposed, by many of the most active circles of co-workers of the Sanitary in towns and villages. But another is the sending of books that have been read in the family, with the old magazines and illustrated papers.

The value of these to the soldiers in the listless hours of hospital life is incalculable. Nor need any one refrain from sending because he may have so few to send. If one person in every village sent a dozen books—if fifty papers go from a single neighborhood, the aggregate is one that can be readily computed.

A letter just received from the Ninth Corps Hospital at City Point says, speaking of the prompt receipt of a box of books and a package of pamphlets and *Harper's Weeklies*, etc.: "I need not say that they are a great addition to our humble library, and eagerly welcomed by the soldiers here. It is singular but true that of all my appeals to acquaintance and others for books none have been successful thus far except in your case. It is because they are ignorant that the gospel of good books are a ministry to the spirits in a prison hospital."

Why will not every reader of these lines send a little addition to the means of amusement for the soldiers, either to the nearest dépôt of the Sanitary Commission, to some hospital known to him, or to Mr. J. SAVARY, Agent United States Sanitary Commission, Ninth Corps Hospital, City Point—*prepaying all the charges?*

DROWNED.

WE are wrecked and we are sinking,
We are lost, I heard them say,
But of what could they be thinking?
'Tis not "lost" to pass away—

Gently, painlessly, together,
Thus to feel our souls flow out
Into calmer, better weather,
All secure from further rout.

I can see the boats yet, gaining
Very little on the wind,
O'er their sterns some forms are straining
After dear ones left behind.

If 'twere thus with thee and me, love,
One had gone and one been left,
Then the living could but die, love,
And the dying be bereft.

But thou wouldst not, couldst not leave me,
Since there was but room for one,
And the billows would upheave me
Did I leave thee here alone.

I am happy, for thy fingers
Round my neck securely twine,
Thou art happy while death lingers
With thy heart at rest on mine.

I, the stronger, grew despairing
When this danger first seemed nigh,
For I could not bear my darling
Such a dreadful death should die.

We can feel the waters singing,
Cold and heavy, in our ears;
And upon them, quick upspringing,
We can see our by-gone years.

Cling closer to me, sweetest,
I will not let thee go,
Thou shalt not die till I do,
Though death come swift or slow.

Even I can scarcely hold thee,
But will, unto the last;
Mine arms shall firm enfold thee
Till death be overpast.

Thy face grows strangely radiant,
Our last warm breath is o'er,
Good-by, sweet, for an instant,
Then part we nevermore.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SHREWD SUGGESTION.—It often happens, when the husband fails to be home to dinner, that it is one of his *fast* days.

WOMAN'S AGE.—It is a curious fact that in sacred history the age, death, and burial of only one woman—Sarah, the wife of Abraham—is distinctly noted. Woman's age ever since appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

A GENTLE HINT.—The Pope has presented a hat of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, to the Emperor of Mexico. This is a very ancient Papal custom, and has always been considered highly symbolical. It was first used when the Papal treasury was, as it now is, very low, and originated in one of the many forms of collecting Peter's pence, called "Going round with the Hat."

ADVICE TO CAPTAINS IN THE ARMY.—In forming your companies on the banks of a deep and rapid river be careful how you order the men to "fall in."

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.—Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing, then, is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, can not help laughing at us.

A VALENTINE.

The turtle-doves they bill and coo;
The hen goes cluck-cluck-cluck!
The cock cries "Urcarooraroo;"
The drake quacks to the duck.

The gander cackles to his goose;
Compliance hisseth she;
The lark—the lark were Hymen's noose,
Old Fright, for you and me.

A lady of an irascible temper asked George Selwyn why woman was made out of the rib of man. "Indeed, I can't say," was his reply, "except it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

A solicitor who had a remarkably long and pointed nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter which he had in hand against her he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, Sir," said the lady, "you need not *file* your *bill*, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

"There are three points in the case, may it please your Honor," said the counsel. "In the first place, we contend that the kettle in dispute was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and thirdly, that we never had it."

A gentleman called one day on a broker to get a bill discounted. The broker looked at the acceptance, and started some difficulties. "It has, you'll observe," said he, "a great many days to run." "That's very true," replied the applicant, "but I beg you to note that they are the shortest days in the year."

A gentleman dining with a friend, a large cheese, uncut, was brought to the table. "Where shall I cut it?" said the guest. "Any where you please," replied the host; upon which the guest handed it to the servant, bidding him carry it to his house, and he would cut it there.

"George, how does your new horse answer?" "I regret to say that I can not inform you, for I never asked him a question."

Why is a spider a good correspondent?—Because he drops a line by every post.

EPIGRAM.

We asked a Frenchman once to point us out
Wherein the rheumatism differed from the gout.
He thus defined the two—"Suppose," said he,
"You put your finger in de vice." "'Tis done," said we.
"You turn it," he continued, "till de pain
So great is you can't bear to turn again.
Dat is de rheumatism; den, no doubt,
If you give one turn more, dat is de gout."

AN IDIOT'S SHREWDNESS.—A clergyman in the north of Scotland, on coming into church one Sunday, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. The authorities had been unable to remove him without more violence than was seemly, and therefore waited for the minister to dispossess Tam of the place he had assumed. "Come down, Sir, immediately," was the peremptory and indignant call; and on Tam being unmoved, it was repeated with still greater energy. Tam, however, very confidently replied, looking down from his elevation, "Na, na, minister! just ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and faith they need us baith."

Milton, when blind, married a shrewish wife. A friend, desirous of complimenting the poet on his choice, termed his spouse a rose. "I can't judge of colors," said Milton, "and it may be as you say, for I feel the thorns daily."

NOTE BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A BAD COLD.

"*Who runs may read.*"—If your eyes run, they can't read.

A gentleman once rallying a physician on the inefficacy of his prescriptions, the doctor said he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "That is exactly what Jack Ketch says," was the reply.

Our forefathers knew nothing of Jenner's great specific to prevent small-pox. We are wiser in our Jen-neration than they.

A school-boy undergoing an examination, being asked who was the wickedest man, replied, "Moses; because he broke all the commandments at once."

A person asking a wit if the tolling of a bell did not remind him of his latter end, was answered, "No; but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

A Yankee peddler in his cart, overtaking another of his class, was addressed, "Hallo, what do you carry?" "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "Go ahead," was the rejoinder, "I carry grave-stones."

WONDERFUL METAMORPHOSIS.—The moment you shoot a duck it becomes a duckshot.

An Irishman called at the post-office to inquire if there were any letters for him. He was asked for his name. "Oh," said he, "sure you will find it *on the back of the letter!*"

A comedian was once performing at one of the Dublin theatres in a dirty pair of white duck trowsers. A lad in the gallery, observing the state of the actor's nether garment, shouted out, "Och! mister, wouldn't your *ducks* be the better of a swim?"

"Idleness covers a man with rags," says the proverb. An Irish schoolmaster, thinking to improve on this, wrote a copy for one of his boys with the proverb thus altered: "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE following nine States have, during the past week, ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery: Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan, Maryland, Rhode Island, and West Virginia. The Senate has at length passed the House resolution to exclude the States in rebellion from representation in the Electoral College. The most important measures which have passed the House are the bills providing for a ship-canal around Niagara Falls, and for a canal connecting the Mississippi River with Lake Michigan. The Fortification and the Army Appropriation bills have also been passed.

The Canadian Parliament has passed an Alien bill, which will obviate all future difficulties similar to those growing out of the St. Albans raid.

The Peace Conference at Hampton Roads appears to have had no beneficial result. The Commissioners had no sooner returned to Richmond than General Grant made a movement on the left in the vicinity of Hatcher's Run. Two Corps—the Second and Fifth—were engaged in the movement. The latter, preceded by Gregg's cavalry, moved to Reams Station, and thence westward across Rowanty Creek. After crossing the creek the Fifth Corps overtook a rebel commissary train on the Boydton Plank-Road, and captured it. In the mean time the Second Corps took the Vaughan Road to Hatcher's Run, which the main portion of the corps crossed, and, taking some of the enemy's rifle-pits on the way, advanced about a mile west of the Run, when the rebels were found in force. The Second Division of the Corps, under General Smyth, before reaching the Run, turned off northwestwardly toward Armstrong's Mill, but soon found the enemy strongly intrenched in front. In the afternoon the rebels attacked this division, which had thrown up some intrenchments, and were severely repulsed, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. An attempt to turn Smyth's right flank met with no better success. Thus ended the action for the 5th. The Second and Fifth Corps had succeeded in establishing a connection.

General Sherman has taken rapid strides toward Branchville. Pocotaligo, which came into our possession January 19, has become an important base of operations. Broad River is accessible to transports, which ascend to within five miles of Pocotaligo. Since the capture of the latter place we have depended upon rebel journals for intelligence as to Sherman's movements. According to their reports he has advanced in three columns—one directed against Charleston, and the other two against Augusta and Branchville. The movement against the latter place appeared to be the most definite. By the last of January Sherman's troops had moved up the Savannah River fifty miles to Robertsville. A dispatch from Braxton Bridge, between Pocotaligo and Branchville, February 1, states that the Federal force had reached the bridge. There still remained several tributaries of the Combahee, as well as the Edisto, to be crossed in the advance on Branchville. General Lee was appointed Generalissimo on the 1st of February; General Breckinridge at the same time was made Secretary of War. Lee still remains with the Army of Northern Virginia. According to the Richmond *Sentinel* Beauregard has arrived at Augusta, and taken charge of the military.

CONGRESS.

February 1:

In the Senate, the General Appropriation bill for 1866 was reported. A report adverse to the increase of the salaries of Congressmen was agreed to. The bill excluding rebellious States from representation in the Electoral College came up. An amendment was passed restricting its operation to States in rebellion November 8, 1864. Messrs. Stewart and Nye, Senators from Nevada, were sworn in, Mr. Nye drawing the shorter term.

In the House, the bill for the construction of a Ship Canal around Niagara Falls was passed, 95 to 51. The expense of such a work is estimated at between seven and eight millions.

February 2:

In the Senate, the entire session was consumed in the consideration of the bill to exclude rebellious States from representation in the Electoral College, without coming to any conclusion.

In the House, a bill was passed granting to the five surviving Revolutionary soldiers a yearly allowance of $300 in addition to the $100 already allowed. The Illinois and Michigan Ship Canal bill was passed, with an amendment providing for improvements on the Mississippi River. The canal is intended principally as a military work to facilitate the defense of the northern frontier, and enable gunboats and vessels of war to pass from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan. It will involve an outlay of ten millions.

February 3:

In the Senate, the Exclusion bill was still under consideration.

In the House, the Navy Appropriation bill came up. An amendment to establish a Board of Admiralty was debated at length.

February 4:

In the Senate, the joint resolution excluding the rebellious States from representation in the Electoral College was passed 29 to 10.

In the House, the consideration of the Naval Appropriation bill was continued; the amendment to establish a Board of Admiralty was rejected.

February 6:

In the Senate, a resolution of inquiry into the recent Peace Commission was passed. A bill was reported in relation to the Enrollment, the principal feature of which is, that it allows a substitute to be taken from those liable to draft. An amendment was passed to prevent recruiting in the rebel States by the agents of the loyal States.

In the House, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to investigate General Rosecrans's military operations from the campaign in West Virginia to the recent one in Missouri. The Naval Appropriation bill was passed.

February 7:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's new edition of the Enrollment bill was passed, with an amendment providing for the punishment of substitute brokers, recruiting, or other persons who shall for pay or profit enlist insane or drunken persons; also, with an amendment that the drafted man may furnish as a substitute a person liable to draft in the same town, city, or ward.

In the House, the Fortification bill and the Army Appropriation bill were passed. The former appropriates about five millions; the latter about five hundred millions.

THE FIRE IN SAVANNAH.

On the night of the 27th of January an extensive conflagration broke out in Savannah, in the western part of the city. The fire broke out in a stable, and is supposed to have been caused by rebel incendiaries. Owing to the inactivity of the Fire Department the flames spread rapidly, and at midnight had reached the Arsenal on Granite Hill. A large quantity of shells was stored in the buildings just as it had been left by the rebels. There was a series of explosions during the next two hours. Several squares were destroyed by the fire, and hundreds of unfortunate women and children were driven from their homes into the streets. Nearly all the houses consumed were private residences.

THE REBEL INCENDIARY PLOT.

Our Detective Police, to whom was committed the work of ferreting out the conspirators who plotted the burning of New York on the night of November 25, have met with marked success. They succeeded on Christmas night in capturing one M'Donald, the rebel agent in Canada. He was entrapped by Mr. Young, who got himself introduced to him as a friend of the hotel burners. It was ascertained that, besides him, Jacob Thompson and C. C. Clay had a part in the formation of the plot. Mr. Young discovered at length that not more than six persons were involved in the plot. He has secured nearly all of these, and other persons involved in rebel schemes against the North.

NEWS ITEMS.

The crew of the rebel steamer *Florida*, which was captured in the harbor of Bahia by the United States steamer *Wachusett*, have been liberated by order of the Government. They numbered about thirty. They were taken from Fort Warren in a tug, and placed on board the British steamer *Canada*, which sailed from Boston on the 1st for Halifax.

The famous "Sanitary" sack of flour belonging to Mr. Gridley, which was sold and resold at Nevada, California, till it realized $165,000, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, changed hands twenty times, at public auction, at the Merchant's Exchange, St. Louis, on the 3d, realizing $3775, in behalf of the soldiers' Orphan Home. The sack was soon to be taken to New York.

The following is a description given in the Albany Journal of Burley, the Lake Erie raider, who has been delivered up into our hands by the Canadian Government:

"He does not appear to be past twenty-five years of age; if any thing younger. Is stout, short, and compactly built, and weighs about one hundred and sixty. During his confinement in jail he has been studying Greek and French, and writing the adventures of his early life. At the age of fourteen he ran away from his parents in Glasgow, Scotland, and found his way to Italy. There he entered the ranks of Garibaldi's army. Getting tired of the Great Liberator, he deserted to the Austrians and fought against Italy, until an opportunity offered itself for him to desert the standard of Francis Joseph and embark for Spain. Landing there, he found nothing particularly for his uneasy spirit to do; so, after a brief sojourn in the land of the 'old Castilian,' he set sail on an American merchantman for South America. The vessel was wrecked, but the most of the passengers were picked up by a Spanish trader and landed in the port of Norfolk, Virginia. Burley was among the saved. He soon found his way to Richmond, and there he remained until the breaking out of the American rebellion. He was engaged as clerk in a book and publishing house up to the time of his entering the Confederate navy."

A melancholy occurrence happened at No. 228 Washington Street, Brooklyn, on the night of the 2d. A family, named Van Buren, comprising six persons, who had just moved into the house, temporarily occupied a single small room, and were overpowered by inhaling gas which had escaped from the burner and stove. An infant was suffocated to death. The father of the family is not likely to survive, but the others will probably recover.

A bounty-jumper, named James Devlin, was executed February 3, at Governor's Island, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The accused had twice deserted from the army, and was convicted for both offenses. In approving the finding of the court-martial, General Dix signified his intention of checking the rapidly increasing and dangerous practice of desertion. The execution was conducted in an admirable manner by the authorities, and impressed all present with its solemnity. The entire command of the island, and a large number of new recruits, were assembled, to whom the spectacle was a terrible warning.

It is stated that a scheme was recently set on foot by several members of the North Carolina Senate to bring about a meeting of the different Governors of States at Raleigh. The matter had met the approval of the Governors, the purpose being understood to be to discuss the question of the crisis and reconstruction; but Governor Vance, by information to Jeff Davis, broke up the entire arrangement.

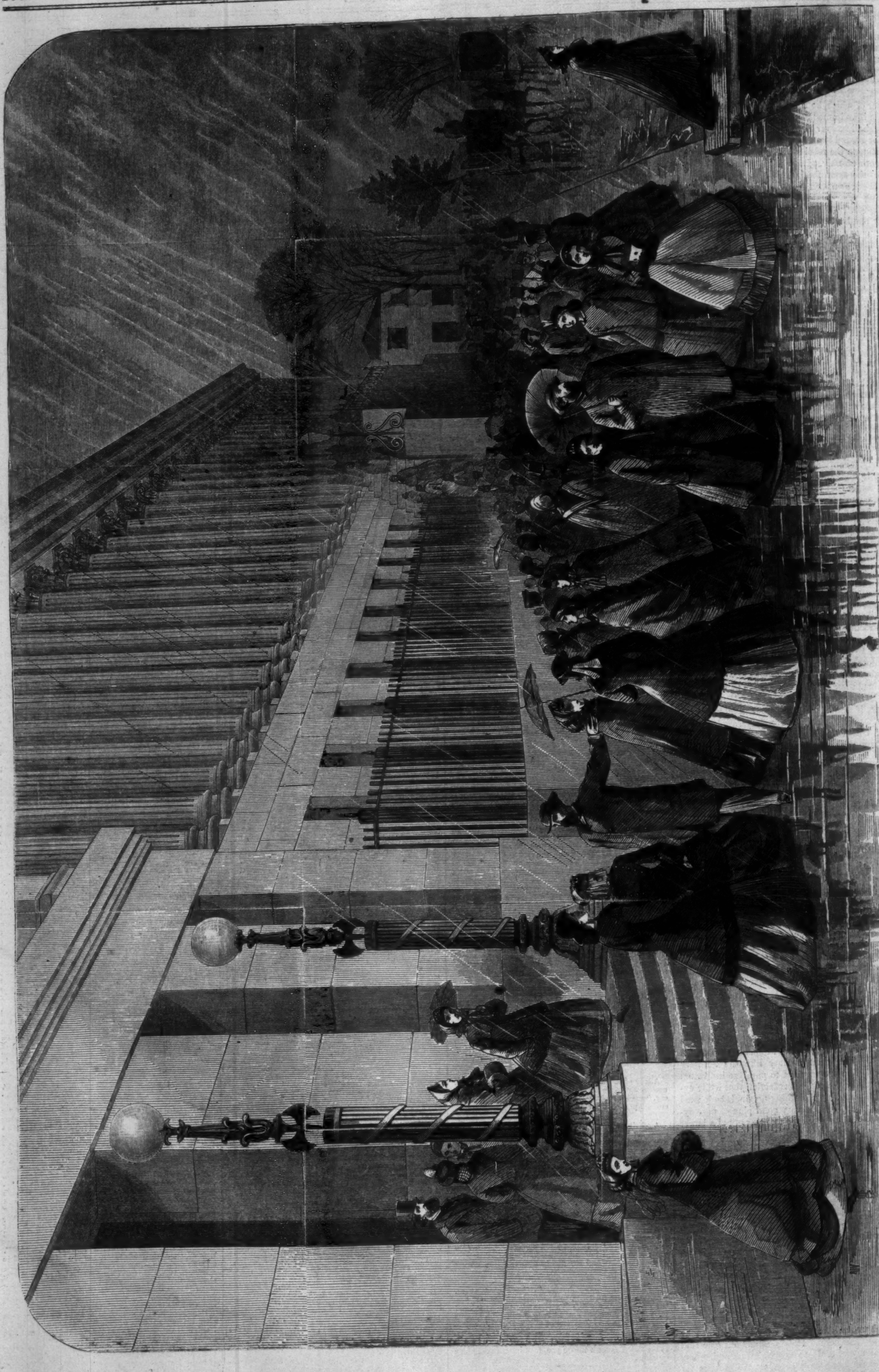
The Richmond *Whig* of the 3d has the following paragraph: "The Army of Tennessee," says the Meridian *Clarion*, "will probably winter at Tupelo and Satillo. It needs rest and reorganization very much. It has marched and countermarched, fought and been shattered, from Rocky Race to Atlanta, thence back to Nashville, and now drops down to the spot where it quartered during the winter months of '62. Alas, how its columns have been thinned since that time!"

A letter from General Grant's Secretary to Dr. H. W. Bellows, states that active measures are being adopted to secure a general exchange of prisoners.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop, in his remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society on the death of Mr. Everett, stated that at the time of his death Mr. E. was engaged in preparing a Life of James L. Pettigru, of South Carolina, and a volume of Washington's private letters.

Hon. Fernando Wood intends to leave for Europe soon after the adjournment of Congress, accompanied by his family. He proposes to travel through the Continent, and also to go to the Holy Land.

General Kelley telegraphs that on the 5th a scouting party of General Sheridan's Cavalry encountered the forces of Major Harry Gilmore, near Moorefield, West Virginia, whipped them handsomely, capturing upward of twenty officers and men. Among the officers captured was the noted guerrilla and robber, Harry Gilmore himself.



LADY CLERKS LEAVING THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

SPOT OF M'PHERSON'S DEATH.

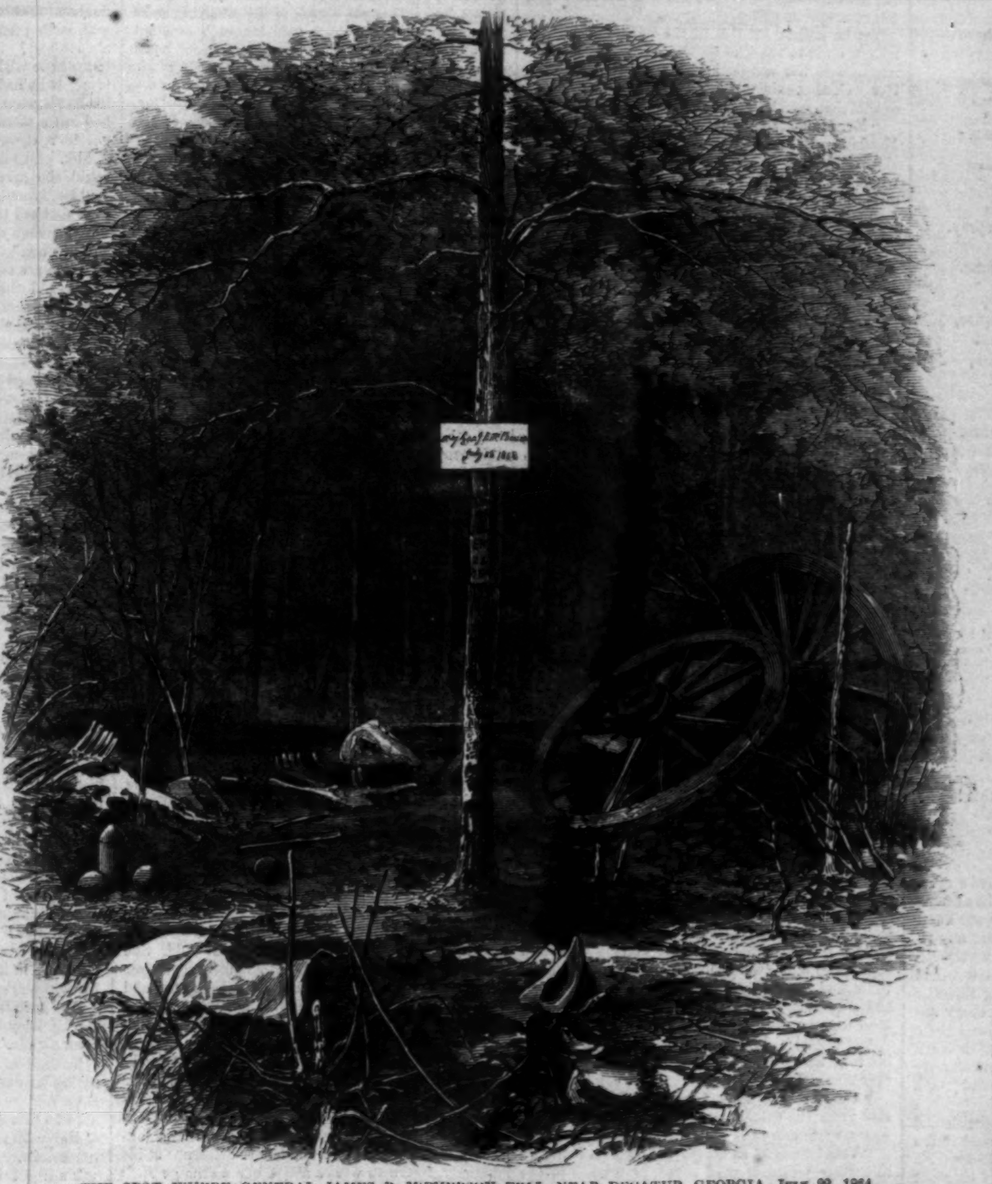
THE adjoining cut, from an excellent photograph by GEORGE N. BARNARD, shows the scene and surroundings of General M'PHERSON'S death. A simple inscription upon a tree tells the story so far as he was concerned, while the details of the picture—the shot and shell, the broken artillery-wagon, with the skeletons of the horses lying where they fell, the soldier's dilapidated hat and shoe—indicate the scene of carnage just as it was left after the battle had swayed from this to some other portion of the field.

On the morning of July 22 General M'PHERSON, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, then at Decatur, anticipating an attack upon his left, ordered the Sixteenth Corps to form on the left of the Seventeenth. While this movement was going on the rebel assault was made, advantage being taken of the gap which still remained between the two corps. The flank of the Seventeenth was turned and a battery lost, when M'PHERSON, approaching the scene of the fight, was shot by the force of the enemy which had advanced between the right and left wing. A charge was then made to recapture the artillery and recover the General's body. The guns were taken, the enemy repulsed, and STRONG and BUELL, of M'PHERSON'S staff, returned with an ambulance bearing the body.

These officers had been guided to the spot by Private GEORGE J. REYNOLDS. The latter, a member of the Fifteenth Iowa, had been on skirmish duty, and was wounded. In attempting to evade capture he came upon the spot where M'PHERSON was lying, mortally wounded. Forgetting his own wound REYNOLDS clung to his old commander, and, exposed to the shots of the enemy, administered to his wants, bringing water to quench his thirst, affording him every possible comfort in his last moments; and finally, his own wound still uncared for, sought out the General's staff and guided them to the fatal spot. M'PHERSON'S name had been the battle-cry of the corps in the struggle which ended in forcing the rebels from the field:

"Ah! giants we became,
When through the battle-flame
We saw our hero fall;
We forced the foe to yield
His body on the field,
That our breasts might be its pall."

There was no more gallant soldier in the army than General JAMES B. M'PHERSON, and none more beloved by his command.



THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL JAMES B. M'PHERSON FELL, NEAR DECATUR, GEORGIA, JULY 22, 1864.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEO. N. BARNARD.]

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

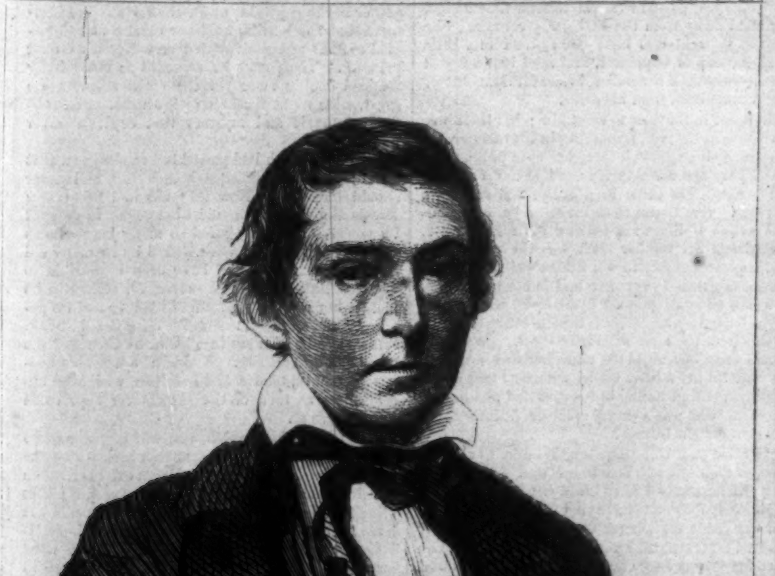
THREE Commissioners, appointed by the rebel authorities to treat informally upon terms of peace, have been within our lines, and have had an interview with the President and Secretary of State near Fortress Monroe. The facts, so far as known in connection with this mission, are these: Having been detained for some time at City Point, the rebel Commission, consisting of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, R. M. T. HUNTER, and JOHN A. CAMPBELL, was admitted by General GRANT, and conveyed to Fortress Monroe on that General's flag-ship, where it arrived at 5 P.M. February 2. Here Secretary SEWARD was found in waiting on board the *River Queen*. The Secretary invited the Commissioners to dinner upon his flag-boat, which invitation was accepted. About ten o'clock in the evening the President arrived, and a conference began which lasted sixteen hours. On the 4th the President and Secretary returned to Washington, and it was given out that the result of the negotiation was a failure.

So far as its immediate result is concerned the Commission has probably failed. But it will at least produce a better understanding between our Government and the rebels. The President's course was clearly defined by the necessities of the case. His official oath forbade him to permit secession. In order to any negotiation at all, it must proceed upon the basis of a restored Union. In all other respects President LINCOLN was limited to the exercise of the functions proper to him as Commander-in-Chief. He could repeal his confiscation measures, and could grant a general pardon. If other conditions were necessary to satisfy the rebel Commissioners, Mr. LINCOLN could only have replied that it was not in his power to grant them. If they wanted guarantees for slavery, Mr. LINCOLN had no more power to grant them than he would have to abolish slavery. If they wanted an alliance offensive and defensive, still maintaining a separate Confederation, he had no power to grant it.

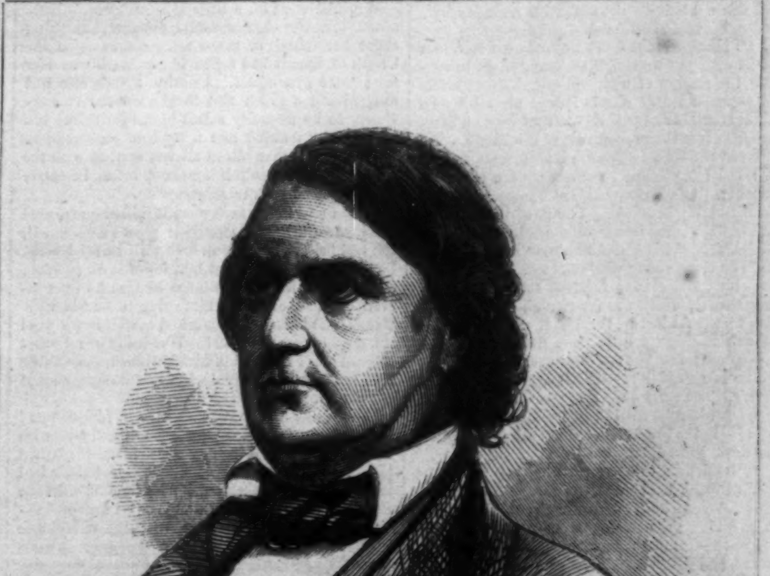
The Commissioners have returned to Richmond, carrying with them the views of our Government. They are all men to whom the people of the South render respect. There will never occur a better opportunity than now occurs for them to exert their influence in favor of peace on the basis of Union. The country still remembers the force and foresight displayed by STEPHENS in his argument against the secession of Georgia. Mr. HUNTER, too, although a States-Rights man, had endeavored in Virginia to prevent a collision between the Government and the State. He was subsequently appointed Secretary of State under the Confederate Government, and upon his resignation of that office was elected Senator, and made President *pro tem.* of the Senate. Judge CAMPBELL, of Alabama, also, was very reluctant to leave the Union. He was at Washington when the Commissioners sent by DAVIS in March, 1861, were there seeking an official interview with the President in regard to the evacuation of Fort Sumter; and when these Commissioners demanded recognition, he wrote to DAVIS "to restrain his Commissioners."

It may be, however, that no peace will come until we shall have absolutely conquered it. While the Commissioners were steaming down the James, SHERMAN'S columns were marching northward from the Savannah. If he is successful in the campaign now opening, peace can not long be delayed.

It can certainly no longer be charged against the Administration that it has neglected an opportunity to obtain peace on the basis of Union. The members of the Opposition have no longer an argument against vigorous war measures. These rebels say that they mean exactly what they meant four years ago: we must answer that we also are unchanged.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.



R. M. T. HUNTER, OF VIRGINIA.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THREE months at sea, and one on shore;
Three months at sea—yet not afloat;
Around our home the breakers roar,
Yet own we neither ship nor boat.
Rock-based, amid the swirl of foam,
The light-house stands—it is our home.

Three months at sea—a dreary time—
The ship goes gayly on its way;
Now and again a mellow chime
Comes to us through the dash of spray.
The ship will reach the nether zone
While we still pace the light-house lone.

While we still pace, and hear the sound
That comes from yon far village spire,
Where wife and children gather round
The cheery board, the crackling fire;
Or seaward gaze, at dead of night,
To watch our slow, revolving light.

The skipper, through the midnight haze,
Marks well its gleam, and feels its worth.
"God's blessing on the light!" he says,
But gives it still a wider berth.
And so it shines, from sun to sun,
A thing to bless, and yet to shun.

And when the tempests howl and rave,
And driving clouds shut out the day,
And o'er the lantern top the wave
Flies skyward into feathered spray,
We laugh, my comrades twain and I,
To feel ourselves so warm and dry.

The light-house quivers to its base,
Yet, snug within, we know no fears;
We know its stones could fearless face
Still stouter gales in by-gone years.
Thank God, our lot is not amiss,
There's many a life far worse than this!

WINIFRED'S EYES.

THE girls all said it was only Winifred's eyes. They were sure she was far enough from handsome, but she *had* good eyes, and what was more, she knew how to use them. You and I, not having any rivalry in the matter, might have come to a very different conclusion about her beauty; but it would have been too much to expect any thing like fair judgment from the Meadowbrook girls, every one of whom knew how easy it would be for her in half an hour to spirit away the most devoted of their admirers. It would be a blessing, they all secretly owned, if Winifred ever should get married; then other people could tell where they stood.

Form plump and well-rounded, yet girlish and agile; small feet; dainty hands that broom-handles and dish-water had in vain conspired to spoil; a graceful little head, with a full crown of chestnut hair; a spirited face, with bright lips, dancing hazel eyes, a brilliant, changeful color, and the most piquant of noses, just sufficiently retrousse for archness—that was Winifred Payne. It must have been on the nose that the girls hung their assertions that Winifred was not handsome; but I think her face would have lost some of its sparkling charm if she had exchanged it for any Grecian or Roman one of them all. The men, young and old, single and married, all thought she was perfect. Not that she was a flirt. She was coquettish, perhaps, with the natural coquetry of all pretty girls; but she avoided all serious entanglements, and if she charmed every one it was not because she studied to do it—rather, perhaps, because she did not.

In all Meadowbrook there was only one to whom she had ever given enough encouragement to constitute the shadow of a claim; and even with this solely-favored Harry Morris it was more his own natural courage and persistence that kept up heart of grace in him than any smiles of Winifred's. He had loved her before she wore long dresses, and he had loved her steadily ever since. He meant to marry her. Of course he did not know when; that must be as Winifred pleased; but of the ultimate result of his wooing he never doubted. When any one else showed her attention it amused him. He asked her occasionally when she would be ready to marry him, and always received some provoking, saucy answer, which was far enough from discouraging him. At last he thought it was time to arrive at something a little more definite, and with this purpose he set out one June evening to traverse the mile-long road between his house and the Widow Payne's. The early June moon was just rising, and he planned how he would wile Winifred out to walk with him in the bright moonlight; what strong, serious words he would say to her—words which should stir to its depths the gay girlish heart which, he never doubted, held under its mask of merry coquetry a love as deep and lasting as his own.

The Widow Payne's was the very beau-ideal of a cottage—a soft mouse-gray in color, of Gothic architecture, and with vines, just now heavy with leaves and odorous with blossoms, rioting in and out of every open window, covering the pretty portico, twisting about every where.

As Harry Morris drew near he saw a light in the little parlor and heard through the open windows a stranger's voice. No sound could have been more unwelcome; but it was not in his nature to turn back. He knocked at the door, and the widow bade him come in. Winifred, radiant in smiles, and charming in blue muslin, was evidently making herself agreeable to the stranger whose voice Harry had heard as he came up. The stranger was not of the Meadowbrook order. City-bred was stamped on his haughty face, betrayed itself in the careless, graceful ease of his manner. Not even jealousy could fail to acknowledge that at last here was one whose rivalry was more to be dreaded than twenty score of rustic beaux. He noticed even the well-shod foot, the hand, white as a girl's, with a seal-ring on the little finger, the faultless attire; above all, the handsome, bearded face, with the dark eyes full of magnetic power.

Yet he noticed all this in the moment which it took Winnie to see who he was, and, finishing her sentence to her companion, to rise to meet him. Her "Good-evening, Harry," sounded to him less cordial than usual, but she introduced him politely:

"Mr. Manchester, this is Mr. Morris, one of my Meadowbrook friends."

There was a fine sting in the sentence under which her visitor winced. Why did she say a Meadowbrook friend? Was she insinuating an excuse for his country breeding, or an apology for her own intimacy with him?

He stepped up, however, to Mr. Manchester, and extended his hand for a cordial greeting, after the fashion of Meadowbrook. Mr. Manchester touched the brown, labor-hardened fingers gingerly, and then sat down and looked at Winifred complacently, as if he had done something very self-denying and meritorious for her sake. Of course the young farmer felt himself in the uncomfortable position of one too many. Mrs. Payne did her kindly best to make the talk general. She inquired about his mother's health, and his father's spring planting. Then conversation languished, and Morris had time to watch Winnie, who was showing to Mr. Manchester a bouquet of varnished leaves, bright with the splendors of last year's autumn.

"Yes, they are beautiful," he heard the gentleman say, looking, at the same time, not at the leaves but into Winifred's hazel eyes.

Harry Morris wondered if she were not even more charming than usual. Her blue dress and blue ribbons became her. Her cheeks were bright with just the delicate hue that stains a peach blossom, and her smiles came and went with her words. Of course, he thought, this city chap would love her—folks didn't come across such girls every day, city or country—and she might—but that way lay madness. He got up to go, and Winifred, conscious of having been cold and neglectful, went to the door with him. When he got there he seemed in no hurry.

"How bright the moon is!" he said. "Come out with me a little way; *do*, Winnie."

His tone was almost pathetic. It cost Winnie an honest pang to refuse his request.

"I can't," she said. "Mr. Manchester would think it so strange."

"And who *is* Mr. Manchester, Winnie? He seems to be monarch of all he surveys."

"He is our boarder. He was driving by here a day or two ago, looking for a place to board a little while, and the cottage pleased him. So he stopped and persuaded mother to take him in. He hadn't been well, he said, and needed country air."

"Humph!" Harry did not realize how surly his tone was. "Did he happen to see you as he rode along?"

"I suppose he must;" and a little arch gleam shot from the hazel eyes; "at least he might. I was out trimming the vines."

"Yes, I thought as much. Winnie, it is hardly like your mother's good sense to take into her house in this way a stranger of whom she knows nothing."

"But we do know. He is a cousin of Mr. Lansing, the minister, you know, who came here and only staid two years."

"Well, it may be all right. I hope it is; but I like old friends better than new ones. So you won't walk a little way, Winnie?"

"I can't, indeed. I have staid out here too long. Good-night."

There was no resource but for him to say good-night too, and go sorrowfully on his homeward way. But for him the splendor of the night was gone.

Winifred went in, a little self-conscious, a little afraid Mr. Manchester would ask her something about her friend, or make some comment on the length of time it had taken to say good-by. Her fears were groundless. Charles Manchester had altogether too much tact to elevate the country clown, as he mentally called him, into undue importance by making him a topic of conversation. He did not mention him at all, but went on with the subject he had been talking about before he came, as if there had been no interruption.

That night in her own room Winifred questioned her heart a little. Secretly, it must be confessed, she had believed herself in love with Harry Morris. She had not meant to let him know it at present, but she had thought she loved him, and in her secret soul had expected some day to be his wife. But *did* she love him? she asked herself now. Had it not all been a delusion? Was it not merely that she had never been out of Meadowbrook, and having seen nothing of the world was without any standard of comparison?

How different he was from Mr. Manchester! She contrasted his sturdy, yeoman-like figure with the elegant grace of the city gentleman—his brown hands, which hoe and scythe and plow-handle had hardened, with the white, slender fingers, whereon the brilliant ring looked suitable as on a woman's—the ringing, full-toned voice, with the mellifluous accents which dropped from Mr. Manchester's mustached lip—the subjects of his discourse, farm-plans, neighbors, crops, and markets, with Mr. Manchester's graceful talk about poets and painters—his dress, the black suit he wore so awkwardly on state occasions, with the elegantly-fitting garments which seemed a part of the other's identity. When she had summed it all up, she made up her mind that she had been mistaken in fancying that she loved Harry. Having seen Mr. Manchester the salt had lost its savor, and wherewith should it be salted?

The next emotion was a pang of self-discontent such as she had never before known. She had reigned in Meadowbrook like a little queen of hearts, and it had never occurred to her to wish she was any different. Now she began to despise herself because she could not talk French, or play on the piano, or sing Italian songs. She pictured in fancy the style of women to whom Charles Manchester was accustomed, and scorned herself for the contrast she must present to him. Then she remembered the old romances where men of high degree fell in love with bright eyes shining far below them; and bethought herself of the admiring looks which had all the evening paid her such constant tribute; and went to sleep thanking fate for hazel eyes, and chestnut hair, and pink cheeks.

In her dreams she saw constantly those two—Mr. Manchester, handsome, haughty, elegant—Harry Morris, stalwart, earnest, honest, one of the world's workers. Once she walked on the edge of a precipice, and Mr. Manchester seemed about to push her off, when Harry Morris snatched her back, and, in saving her, lost his own footing and fell down.

Again, Harry was going to bind her with iron chains, and Mr. Manchester threw them away, and twined round her wrists instead wreaths of roses. But the thorns among the roses pricked her; and when she showed him the wounds they made he only laughed, and told her that all fetters hurt; but it was better to wear roses than iron, because the world only saw the blossoms and smelled the fragrance, and would never know, if she kept still, how the thorns pricked her. It was ill-bred to cry out, and to be ill-bred was worse than to be wicked.

In the energy with which she did battle against this heresy she awoke, and the early June sun was already shining into her window. She sprang up, and dressed herself with rapid fingers. With her delicate pink calico morning-dress, her chestnut hair brushed till it shone like satin, her bright cheeks and sparkling eyes, she looked lovely enough to charm any man's heart away. She ran down stairs and set the breakfast-table. Then out into the garden to get a bunch of roses for the little glass vase which was wont to stand, filled with flowers, in the centre of the prosaic realities of her mother's steak and biscuit. In the garden she met Mr. Manchester.

"'Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,'" he said, with a gay smile, and eyes full of admiration, "your robins and orioles wouldn't let me sleep, so here I am, an early riser in spite of myself. But how delicious morning is in the country! I think, while I am here, I shall not be willing to miss the balm of this before-breakfast air."

Then he gathered the pinkest of pink roses, and gallantly fastened it in her drooping hair, laying it first an instant against her cheek, as if to see which was brightest. Winifred was quite unused to such compliments, and her blushes, and the shy fall of her eyelids, were very pretty to see.

Winifred made no change in her habits because of Mr. Manchester's presence in the household. She went on just as ever with all her homely, domestic duties. He saw her sometimes with bare arms and floury hands, or sweeping with a napkin pinned round her bright hair. Still, though she went on as usual with her life, she almost hated herself at times because this *was* her life—all this homely task-work. But Mr. Manchester seemed to find her lovely in all phases. He read to her while she sewed Owen Meredith's passionate love-songs, or Tennyson's idyls, and his deep, dark eyes, the melancholy music of his voice, the tender deference of his manner, began to weave about her a strange spell of enchantment—a sort of rosy mist, through which she could see nothing clearly.

For two weeks Harry Morris kept away from the little gray cottage. Mrs. Payne missed him. She had always enjoyed his frequent visits, and one of her dearest hopes had been to see Winifred his wife. But she made no comments on his absence, nor yet on Mr. Manchester's persistent attentions.

At last, one afternoon came an errand that took Mr. Manchester to the next town. Harry Morris, working in his meadow-lot, saw him go by, and took the opportunity to visit Winnie. Winnie's heart softened a little when she saw him coming. The two weeks just passed were the longest time he had ever staid away from the little gray cottage. She resolved to treat him kindly—to give him a little sip at the cup of happiness, and send him away at length, cheered by her smiles, before Mr. Manchester should come back from his drive.

She went to the door to meet him; but there was something in his face, something in his manner, before which all coquettish thoughts were put to flight—a dignity and a resolution she had never seen in him before. He came in gravely, and sat down near her. She began to feel a sensation of curious timidity, as if life were getting too real for her. She wished her mother back, but the widow was chatting comfortably in a neighbor's sitting-room a quarter of a mile away. She had to meet the crisis, of which she saw portent in his eyes, whatever it might be, quite alone. He was in no hurry to speak, so she took up a bit of crochet-work. With her fingers busy she could be more her own mistress. He watched her a little while, with that look of sad resolution still gleaming in his eyes and making his lips firm. She was a pretty creature, doubtless, but to whom did she belong?

"I came over this afternoon, Winnie, to ask you a serious question. You know well enough how long and faithfully I have loved you. I have waited patiently for you to have your fill of fun and frolic, and get ready for soberer days; but I have never doubted that some time you would be my wife. You have known me long enough to decide now as well as ever whether you can care for me, and I want you should tell me. I find uncertainty is hard to bear, and I want you should end it. You know how I love you—how I would work for you, live for you, or die for you either—how faithful and fond I would be. Is my love worth nothing?"

She dared not try to put him off with light words. The day for that was over. Her answer must be the truth now; as far as he was concerned, her last words. If she said no to him to-day, she felt that he would never afterward give her an opportunity to say yes. And so she waited through a few still moments, in which either of them could have heard their own hearts beat. Did she love him? Could he satisfy her? Would the life she could live with him fill up the measure of her longings? Was there not a sphere outside where softer airs blew, brighter flowers blossomed—a path into which she would long to turn aside, if she bound herself to go through life in the strait, laborious highway over which his course led? And yet he was good and generous, fond and faithful. Would any eyes ever look at her with such perfect satisfaction and approval as his always had? She suited him; he would never be tempted to wish her different. She stole a look at him. If he had but been a little more elegant! If his hands were not quite so hard and brown, if he had but a more stylish air, a grace like Mr. Manchester's, it would have been easier to make a hero of him. She decided at length, and, kindly as she could, she gave him his answer.

"No, Harry, I do not think I love you enough to look forward to a whole life with you. I do care for you very much, but not as you want me to. Forgive me."

"You are sure?" he asked, sadly.

"Yes, I think I am sure. I should not make you happy."

"Well, God bless you. May some one make *you* happy, Winnie, as happy as I wanted to!"

He dared not trust himself to say any more. The words seemed to choke him. He clasped her hand so hard that the little fingers were red half an hour after with the pressure, and then he hurried away.

Sitting by herself, after he went away, Winifred pitied him, and questioned her own heart. Had she done well? Had she not put aside pure gold to crown her brow with tinsel? Would any fine gentleman ever love her as that strong, honest heart had loved? Yet he did not suit her. She anchored herself there. How many things she liked for which he cared nothing! How stupid it would be to be mistress of his farm—to superintend baking and butter-making, washing and mending! What a contrast between that life and the one Mr. Manchester's wife would lead—the traveling and opera-going, and dressing and society! He had told her, last night, that she had every qualification necessary to shine in any drawing-room, save a little knowledge of conventionalities, which would come to her almost at once. And then a still, small voice in her soul vexed her with its insinuating questions—would this life be any nobler, any worthier, any more rational? Would it lead her any nearer to the goal for which every true soul must strive? Was there any moral excellence in dancing, and dressing, and shining? Those who were born to it might be good in spite of it—but how if one put one's self voluntarily in the way of temptation? She answered herself petulantly, out loud:

"Of course I shouldn't have been made to love such things if it wasn't right for me to enjoy them. Let those born with a taste for tin pans and grid-irons live in kitchens, and wear homespun—for me, I like the graces and adornments of life better."

And then, to end the matter, she got up and made herself busy gathering strawberries and hulling them for Mr. Manchester's supper.

Toward night he came home, gallant and fascinating as ever; but for the first time his manner gave Winifred an impression of unreality. She did not like him so well as usual. Perhaps the memory of Harry Morris's truth and earnestness served as a touchstone. When they talked, after supper, there was a slight strain of sarcasm in some of his remarks upon country living and country people that jarred unpleasantly upon her mood. She began to question herself whether she was really as much of an exception to all her neighbors as his courtesy insinuated. If he should marry her, would there not come a time when he would tire of his country bride, and wish he had never seen her?

Perhaps he divined from her absence of mind that he was losing ground. He did his best to regain it. He exerted the charm of a manner which had been pronounced irresistible in city drawing-rooms, and the little country maiden could not help yielding something to its spell. They walked together in the starlight, under the trees full of blossoms, and she let him hold her hand that had tingled so that afternoon with Harry Morris's strong pressure. The poems he repeated so charmingly sounded doubly sweet in the night stillness, the great, wide night throbbing with a passionate fullness of magic and mystery that daytime never knows.

Still not a week had passed before she knew that she did not love Charles Manchester, and never should love him. Now that she had lost Harry Morris the spell of the old time began to reassert its power. She had shared so many happy hours with him, their lives were linked by so many old memories, that it would have been impossible to forget. But, after all, the strongest attraction he had for her was the strength of his love and his nature. She had never realized it until that last day. She had had a glimpse into his heart then that she could not forget easily. And what a heart it was—strong, manly, tender, and unselfish, with such unselfishness as men of the Manchester type could never guess at.

Mr. Manchester's reign, you will see, was over. The unreality and vagueness about him, which she had only lately begun to perceive, vexed her. She felt the same want of fibre in his character, the lack of self-reliance and manly energy. She could not have told what was wanting, but she felt instinctively the sense of insecurity to which the want gave birth. His poetry and sentiment ceased to charm. His dark, persuasive eyes beguiled her in vain. His silver tongue had lost its power. And yet she made up her mind deliberately that he *should* love her. It seemed to her that only when she had refused Mr. Manchester would she have the right to go to Harry Morris and tell him that she had misunderstood her own heart when she gave him his answer. She thought he would despise her otherwise—would think she had tried in vain to secure her town-bred gallant, and had come to him as the next best opening. She was too proud to endure that imputation. Unless she could say to him, "I could have been Charles Manchester's wife, and I would not, because I loved you," she would not go to him at all. And so for the time this determination to win Manchester's love assumed all the intensity of a passion, and she gave to it the whole energy of her nature. She had staked her fate upon her success. Through this move she was to win or lose all.

So all through July they played at this game of hearts—Charles Manchester with his city airs, his world-wisdom, his experience; Winifred with her woman's wit and woman's will. She brought into service all her attractions—was coy and shy sometimes, tender sometimes, playful sometimes. If he had had a heart she must have won it. The trouble was he had none. It was quite impossible for him to love heartily, honestly, self-forgetfully; and, of course, only such a love would have made him willing to ignore all inequalities of position, and marry his landlady's daughter. Still he was determined to make her love him, and show some signs of it—scarcely less determined in his purpose than Winifred was in hers. He found her very tantalizing. One hour he would be almost sure she adored him, and would break her heart when he went away—the next, her careless gayety would seem so utterly spontaneous, and untouched by any sentimental miseries, that he would be just as sure she did not care for him. It vexed him, piqued him into new attempts. He had succeeded so often that to fail now was not to be borne. Sometimes he was half tempted to propose to her, just to satisfy his curiosity at last as to whether she did love him. But the risk of being accepted was too great.

The first of August a summons came that must take him away. It found him just as uncertain as ever of the state of Winifred's heart. He went to her with this letter in his hand.

"I must go to-morrow," he said, in a tone of lingering regret. "A party of friends, whom I promised to join in a tour to the Lakes, set off next week, and I must go at once to New York. I wonder if I shall ever see Meadowbrook again—ever see Winifred again!"

All the time he was speaking he watched her keenly, and she knew it. She would not let him triumph by so much as a blush or the quiver of an eyelash. She answered him gayly:

"Oh yes, you'll be getting ill again, perhaps, and want a whiff of country air."

"But it would not be well for me to come to Meadowbrook for it. I shall not be the happier in years to come for what I have already seen of you, Winnie. I wish Miss Livingston were more like you!"

"Miss Livingston?" with just the slightest accent of inquiry.

"Yes, my cousin whom I am to marry—an old engagement."

The next moment Winifred was half across the garden, most energetically driving out an old hen, who was conducting her chickens in too near neighborhood to the pink-bed. When she came back she began talking upon some subject which had nothing to do with his departure, or with Miss Livingston. He had made his last move, and had to confess himself checkmated.

The next morning he went away. He bade Mrs. Payne a respectful good-by; then holding Winnie's hand, and drawing her to the door with him, he whispered, lightly,

"Good-by, little one. I shall not forget to drink your health now and then. Good luck, a happy life, and a true lover!"

With that he just lifted her hand to his lips and was gone. She felt, with a spasm of passionate indignation, as if she should hate her hand forever because he had touched it. This, then, was the man for whom she had been ready to give up Harry Morris's honest love! Suppose she *had* loved him, as perhaps she would if she had never known Harry, what would her love have been worth to him more than the cigar stump or the soiled glove he threw away? Thank God, she had been spared that humiliation. Still, through him, had she not lost all? But for him she knew she should never have said no to Harry; and now that was all over. She had failed in winning Mr. Manchester, and Harry would think it was only that failure which had sent her to his arms. Under such circumstances would even his heart be large enough to take her in? At any rate she would never try him. So she resigned herself to life-long despair, with the curious resignation of young girls who decide that they are never to be happy again, as resolutely as if happiness or misery were altogether in their power.

The autumn passed, with its wild Presidential excitement, for it was the autumn of 1860; the long, white winter went by, and the great rebellion began, and in May they were getting up a Company of Meadowbrook boys to enlist for three years or the war. All this time Harry Morris had never been near the little gray cottage, nor had Winifred seen any thing of him, except a distant bow now and then at church or lyceum. He was among the first to enlist, and she heard it with a curious heart-tumult of pride in him, apprehension for his safety, and a wild longing to ask him to forgive her before he went away. She resisted it until the very last night. Then, when the May moon was high, she went out of doors, scarcely knowing what she meant to do. She flitted on bareheaded under the trees, keeping in the shadow where she could, on toward his house. She did not exactly intend to go in—she had no settled purpose, only her heart drew her on in spite of herself. A few rods from his door she saw him standing in the moonlight. She was tempted, when she saw him, to turn and run back; but he had already seen her, and came forward to meet her.

"Is that you, Winnie?" he said, with a sad gentleness of tone that struck to her heart. "You should not be out in this heavy dew with nothing on your head."

"I know—I did not think," she said, penitently; then, with an eagerness she could not help, she asked, "Are you going to-morrow, Harry?"

"Yes, I am going."

Would he say no more? How could she break in upon his silence with her prayer for forgiveness? But could she let him go, and die, perhaps, without ever knowing how sorry she was? At last she asked, timidly,

"Should you have gone all the same if I had said Yes to you last June?"

"I hope I should," he answered, gravely. "I do not think that would have changed my duty, though it might have made it harder to do it. As it is, there is no one who will miss me very much."

The sad resignation of his tone conquered the last lingering throb of pride. Almost before she knew it her hands were clasped upon his arm, and she was crying, in a voice broken with sobs,

"Oh, Harry, Harry! I *did* love you! I did not know until afterward how well! I have been too proud to tell you, for I thought you would think it was because I could not get Mr. Manchester. But I could not have you go away and not know how sorry I was, though I don't suppose you can ever love me again!"

"Not again, Winnie, for I never ceased to love you yet, and I never should. My darling, my darling!"

That was all; for what else they said was whispered so low that not even the night-birds could catch the words, and surely they do not belong to my story.

Perhaps, though, you will be glad to know that Harry Morris served his three years, and came out at last with two arms, two legs, and undaunted hope and life. Not all soldiers die on battle-fields or fill up hospitals. This summer he came home, and, his time being out, married Winifred. Heaven grant that, like the people in the nursery tales, they may be happy ever after!

A WIFE'S SECRET.

I was forty years old when I married Caroline Mowbray. A severe disappointment which I experienced in early life had changed me much. To most persons I seemed cold-hearted and repulsive; but I thought she knew me better. Her father was a clergyman of small means, and she had four brothers, two of them abroad. By accident I met her. Our courtship was short. Her father was happy to see his last child provided for, and our wedding was celebrated with great pomp. Two of her brothers were there; the other two were in India. I took her to our secluded house in the country, and for a year and more I lived a life of happiness such as falls to the lot of few.

She was of wonderful beauty. Tall, of exquisitely moulded shape, with flashing eyes of brilliant blackness. She was much given to melancholy, which greatly increased after the first year of our union. I then began to fancy that the memory of some old affection haunted her; but she often told me that I was the only man she had ever loved, and that my well-known learning and accomplishments (those were her words) had long caused her to entertain for me the greatest respect, even before she had seen me.

Several times I came upon her unexpectedly, and found her in tears, with an open letter in her hand. On my entreating her to let me know the cause of her unhappiness she pleaded nervousness, the thought of her father's delicate health, and other family matters, which, she assured me, I could not enter into. I troubled myself much about this. I thought that my manner toward her was not demonstrative enough, and indeed *no* manner could show the boundless depth of my love for her; then I thought that the disparity of our years precluded a perfect interchange of feeling and sentiment.

We had been married fifteen months when most unexpected news came to me from India. An English relative had died there, leaving me a large fortune, and my presence was required in Bengal to arrange important affairs. Finding that a ship was soon about to sail I resolved to take passage in her, and I settled all things needful for my wife's comfort during my absence, which was to be for a twelvemonth. Her despondency deepened, and I strove to flatter myself that my approaching departure was the cause.

I had had a lovely garden laid out for her. A side-walk led down to a tasteful bridge of ornamented wood, which spanned a pretty stream: an insignificant stream in dry weather, but a dangerous torrent after rain. In time of flood the water rushed down with great velocity, and to prevent the "bursting" of the bridge, several of the flooring-boards were not nailed down. This bridge led into a park, just beyond which were the stables, and the stables commanded a view of our garden. Although there was thus a short cut to the stables from the house, none of the servants were allowed to avail themselves of it; our usual evening stroll was the garden and the park, and those were strictly private.

For some days the rain had been falling heavily, and our walks were stopped. I was much occupied, however, by business in the neighboring town, and did not return as early as usual for several days in succession.

I returned one dark rainy evening just before sunset. Much rain had fallen, and as I crossed the bridge on foot I noticed the stream flowing turbid and whirling beneath. This was not my usual way of going home; but in consequence of the rain I rode straight to the stables, gave my horse to the groom, and took the short cut. There was a shady summer-house in the upper corner of the garden, and I observed, to my surprise, a man's footprints along the path leading thither from the bridge. The prints were those of a fashionably-made boot; and my surprise was increased by coming to a spot in which they seemed to have been met by another person's prints, and thence *both* led to the summer-house. Whose foot but *hers* could have made those tiny impressions? I reached the summer-house, and there I found my wife.

"Good Heavens, Caroline!" I exclaimed; "you out on such an evening—you so delicate?" She was shivering with cold. "Who was here?" I said.

She shivered still more, and replied, timidly, "No stranger has been here, Reginald."

"What!" said I; "no one up the walk from the bridge?"

She looked frightened, again shuddered, and, gazing with her large eyes in my face, she repeated, "No stranger has been here."

I looked at her earnestly. Her eyes drooped; she was ghastly pale.

"Well, my dearest," I said, "let me muffle you well; you are very imprudent in so exposing yourself to the damp air."

I wrapped her large shawl around her; from one of its folds there fell on the ground a glove. It dropped from behind, and she did not see it. I picked it up and concealed it. It was a lavender kid glove that had been worn by a man.

I will not speak much of my feelings that night. Hundreds of trivial things came rushing and crowding into my memory—all of them, each of them, confirmation that the worst was true of her.

Her dejection, her frequent weeping over the letters, were now accounted for. Had she not often and often withdrawn from me in the evenings, and staid long away, returning with overladen excuses? Had I not seen her, more than once of late, drop a letter into the receiving-box of the post-office, when she might have put it in my mail-bag at the house? Had I not seen her nervously starting at the slightest noise, when seated in the twilight at the window in her little sitting-room which overlooked the garden?

She walked into the house before me and I had time to collect myself. I pleaded headache, and retired into my library. She knew that I never could bear the presence of any one when ill, and I was safe from interruption. Amidst the whirling dance of my maddening thoughts no idea of revenge on *her* had any place. I don't believe in the commonly-received opinion that real love can be changed into hate. I could not hate her. I even thought with pity of the outer sorrow that could not fail to be hers in this world for evermore.

But *him*—*he* escape me! No. How best to proceed? "Shall I go and question my groom, who must from the stables have sometimes witnessed their stolen interviews?" No, my instincts revolted at the idea of talking to a groom about her, fallen angel though she was. I would do it all myself. My plans were soon formed. Early next morning I rode to our little town and sent back, by my servant, a note to my wife, stating that I was compelled to start for the city that moment to make some arrangements about my voyage, and that I should be absent at least a week. I then went to D——, purchased a light-colored wig, a large pair of green spectacles, and, disguised with these and a large beard and mustache, returned to our village, where I engaged apartments opposite the post-office. There I remained on the watch.

Three days after my supposed departure my wife's carriage drove up to the shop kept by the postmaster. Previous to her entering the shop I saw her drop a note into the letter-box. After a few minutes' delay in making purchases she drove off again.

Late in the afternoon a tall, distinguished-looking man, with a traveling-cap, its peak closely drawn down over his face, entered the shop. I felt this to be my enemy. I saw him receive a letter from the postmaster's wife and hastily walk away. I hurried to the shop, and in broken English asked if there were letters for Mr. Thirl? She replied in the negative, but I earnestly requested her to look over all the letters. This was in order to gain time for a question or two.

I inquired who was that fine-looking man who had just gone out of the shop? She didn't know; he was a stranger. But was not his name on his letters? Oh yes; the name was Mr. Thornton, but he didn't live in the village. Had he been long in the habit of coming for letters? Not very long.

I walked forth in the direction of my home. It was nearly dusk when I came within sight of that spot where my bliss in life had been. Over the wet spongy fields, over crumbling fences, through swollen water-courses, I had come, but danger and fatigue were unfelt. About half a mile from the house I saw a horse tied up to a fence. He was with her then.

I hid myself close to the bridge for a while until darkness should conceal my movements. I then hurried across and approached the summer-house noiselessly. They were not there. No. Of course they were in the house then. I was not long left in indecision as to my next step. The window of her sitting-room opened, and there they stood, within a few yards of me, his arm thrown round her waist. I heard him, I saw him kiss her; I heard her kiss him; I heard his impassioned "Good-by," and then, with the noiseless step of fate, I hastened by a near cut to the bridge.

I crossed it, shoved the ends of three planks off their supports so that the slightest weight should tilt them over, and waited about ten yards off, with a heart whose throbs I heard above the roaring of the angry flood.

He came. He made a few steps along the bridge. Then a wild cry, a dashing of wood together, a plunge in the torrent, an interval of silence; another cry, "Help, help!" That was all. I was avenged. No mortal could escape out of that rock-banked stream in its then state.

Next morning I sent a note to my wife. "Caroline," I said, "I was close to you when you and he parted last night. I saw every thing. He shall come to you no more. God forgive you."

I left at once in a ship bound for Bengal. The events of the past few weeks had made such a wreck of me in body and mind that there were many of my fellow-passengers who thought me insane. I can not describe the agony of my life during those few days. *His* face—that face which I never saw in life was with me ever. And, so closely was the memory of her entwined with my being, his face bore a likeness to hers; but unlike hers it always wore a ghastly frown, which grew into a menace.

One evening, it was at sundown, a man fell overboard. The ship was going free, and there was a stiff breeze. As the man passed the quarter—or rather, as the quarter passed him—it was plain that he could not swim. A sudden impulse seized me; I snatched a life-buoy and leaped overboard. The helpless seaman and myself floated together. I remember seeing the cormorants sweeping about our heads, and a boat putting forth from the ship.

The next familiar remembrance which comes to me is of our presence on board a whaler which had picked us up. We were forwarded by the first passing vessel to our destination. The tedium of business arrangements connected with my recent inheritance was a partial relief. But my fortune was no solace to the bitter past. After two years of objectless life I went to Australia. Here, a few days after my arrival, in the course of my travels I came to a creek where I stopped to lunch. I had but just alighted when a horseman passed me at a rapid pace. He wore a red Garibaldi shirt, and a helmet hat with a red silk "puggaree" streaming behind it. He had hardly disappeared over the steep bank on the opposite side of the creek when two shots were heard, followed by a shout. I spurred my horse over the creek, and in a few seconds beheld the person who had passed me overthrown, his leg pinned to the ground by his horse, which had fallen, and a man in a mask, about a dozen yards off, taking aim at him with a revolver. The red horseman and the bush-ranger fired simultaneously, and the robber swerved in his saddle, but he came very close to the other and extended his revolver again. I took a long shot, the robber's pistol fell to the ground, his right arm dropped at his side, and, uttering a howl of rage and pain, he galloped off toward the scrub.

When I reached the fallen man, and had released him, he said, gayly, "Well, by Jove, that *was* touch and go! Your shot saved my life, Sir, and a better shot with a revolver I never saw!"

"Who could your assailant have been?" said I.

"Oh, one of Micky's gang, of course. They have become very troublesome lately, and don't scruple to take life. I am certain I hit the scoundrel, but, by Jove! Sir, you have given him a stinger. My tent is not far from this, and I beseech your company."

We soon came to his tent.

"Now then, Bob, look sharp about dinner!" Bob looked sharp, and we were soon seated at a table, on which we saw kangaroo-"steamer," bronze-winged pigeons, a couple of wild ducks, and preserved potatoes. Nor were welcome liquids wanting. There were sparkling hock, sherry, and pale brandy.

After dinner we lighted our pipes (he and I), and he became very communicative.

"I came out without twenty pounds," he said, "and no one *could* believe how lucky I have been. If riches could give happiness, I ought to be one of the happiest young fellows in the Australias."

He said this with a deep sigh, and smoked meditatively. I listened to him with great attention. A fine young fellow he was; a man every inch of him. He had evidently been reared as a gentleman, and bush-life had not made him forget his early habits.

"Have you ever been in America?" he inquired, after a pause in our conversation.

"Often," I said, "on visits."

"In what parts particularly?"

"Many. The last I visited was New York."

"Indeed! I know many families in that city. Did you ever meet a Mrs. Aspern?"

"I have."

He then spoke of her husband. "He was the noblest of men," said he, "although I only knew him through others."

As he said it, he seemed much agitated and took a glass of wine, a second, and a third. For the last few moments a dim presentiment had been creeping over me which plunged me back into the horrible past.

"Poor Caroline, poor Caroline!" he said, in a low voice; then suddenly looking up, "I have been a sad scamp, and a disgrace to my family; but sooner or later the truth will be known. She was my favorite sister. I was the youngest child, and was spoiled. I went to India, took to gambling, took to drink, and at last proceedings were taken against me for forgery. I was wholly innocent, but a comrade informed me privately that there was no chance of my acquittal; so I made my escape, he furnishing me with the means. I went home under a feigned name, and I saw my father, who would not receive me, saying that every mail from India contained shocking accounts of my depravity, which had broken my sister's heart and his. I went to my sister Caroline, saw her in private often, but never could prevail upon her to mention my case to her husband. He was too honorable a man, she said, to advocate the cause of an outlaw, and he would, she was sure, deliver his own brother up to what he believed to be merited punishment. She sold her own private jewelry to enable me to leave the kingdom, and we parted with great tenderness, for she did not believe me guilty. But on that dismal evening she told me she felt a presentiment of evil, and she was nearly right, for, on my crossing a foot-bridge that led from the garden, part of the planking gave way, and I was plunged into a perfect torrent. Although a good swimmer, I must have perished but for one of the planks that had fallen with me. I drifted away, clinging to this, and was landed, much bruised, a mile down the river. I reached the city, and wrote to her before I sailed, telling her of my escape. I received a reply the day before sailing, which much distressed me. 'James,' she wrote, 'you have brought a great grief upon me. I think and hope I am going to the grave.'"

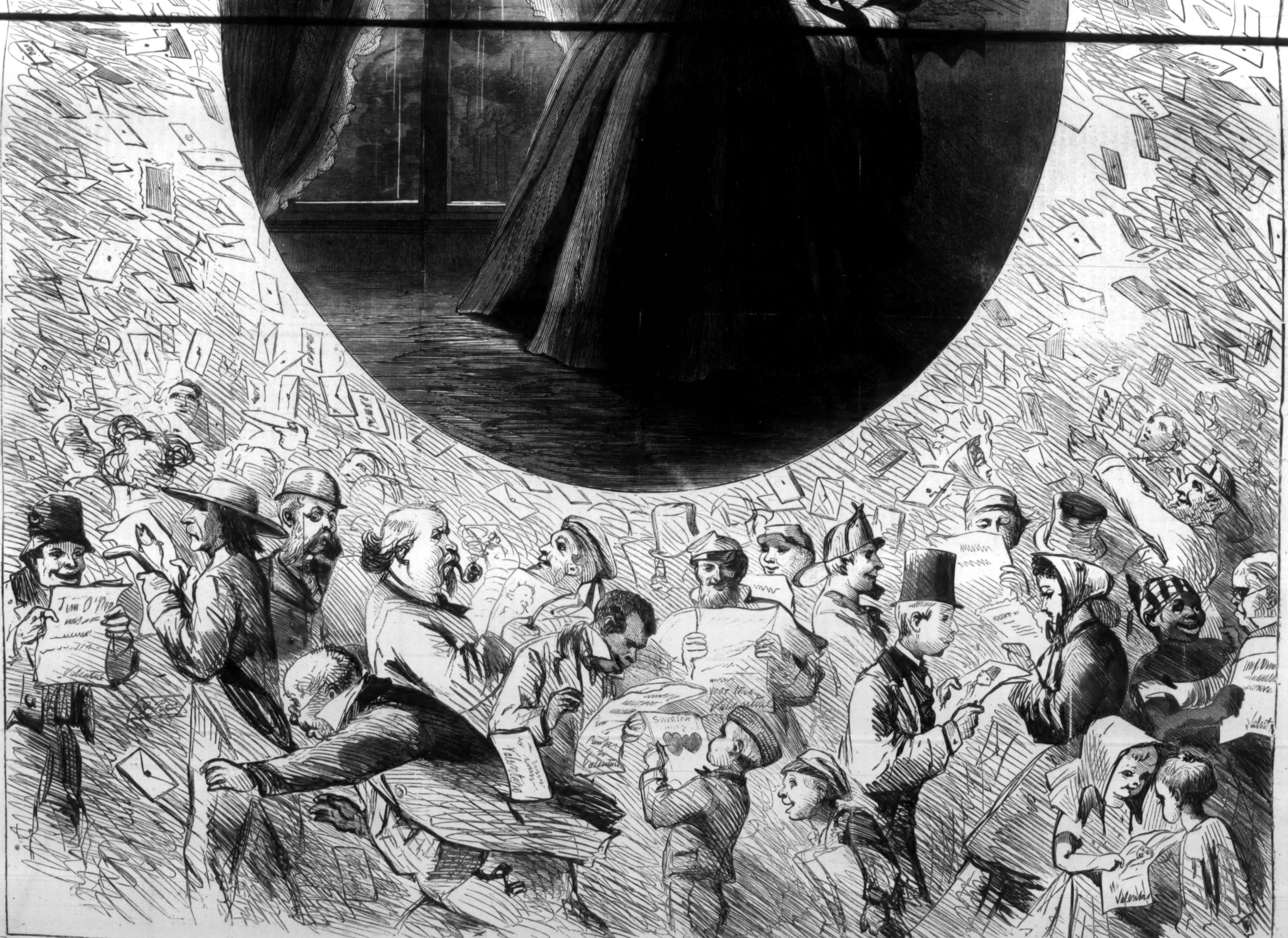
"Most merciful Heaven! Oh, most merciful Heaven!" I cried. "Look at this, James Mowbray!"

With trembling hands I pulled out a miniature from my bosom, and held it out to him.

"My sister Carry!" cried he.

"It is the picture of my wife, James Mowbray," said I. "I am Reginald Aspern."

I thanked God that he had saved me from murder, and had saved for me the purity of home. Yes, she was stainless, and these two years of sad perplexity had had no deeper cause than my wife's reluctance to reveal to me the supposed dishonor of her brother. We returned to America, and soon learned that the comrade who had really committed the forgeries had confessed them on his death-bed. For long and peaceful years James Mowbray has been the inmate of our happy home. The greatest rompings he ever has are with two young chubby rogues and one little girl, the two former bearing respectively the names of James and Reginald—the latter that of Carry.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE VALENTINE.

The warm yellow sunlight slants into the room
  Through the window where fair Cousin Marian stands;
On her cheek just a shade of the rose's rich bloom,
  And my valentine held in her hands.

With what care I selected the paper, cream laid,
  Edged with gilt, spiced with perfume, stamped *extra fine;*
And the lines which I wrote—never poet yet made
  A verse full of passion like mine.

From behind the dark curtain I follow her eyes—
  Ah, never was maiden on earth half so fair!
And I doubt if the angels which dwell in the skies
  Have such waves of bright gold in their hair.

Her lips, like the curve in young Cupid's lithe bow—
  I could swear that such crimson was nowhere else seen—
Are just parted a trifle, sufficient to show
  The twin rows of pearls in between.

Right before the broad window, and I to one side,
  Her face half in shadow, in sunshine the rest,
And a pink-colored ribbon, coquettishly tied,
  That rises and falls on her breast.

On the little round table between us are thrown
  Her hat and her shawl, but this moment laid by
From a walk in the park, for this once quite alone;
  Did she wonder where was I?

How often I've wished that I might be a flower,
  Her favorite geranium there on the stand,
To be tended and watched and caressed every hour
  By the touch of her dear little hand;

Or worn in the bright braid which covers her ear,
  There but for an evening to touch her soft cheek;
But alas! if I were she never might hear
  The love which I never could speak.

She nears the last line with the faintest of sighs,
  Her color burns deeper and mounts like a flame;
Like to two brimming wells are her sweet azure eyes,
  And her lips fondly murmur my name.

I step from the curtain, I clasp her slight waist;
  Her bright little head droops adown on my breast;
I lift it, all blushing, one moment and taste—
  Never mind, you may guess at the rest.

CLEMENT CAREW.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

WELL, one day my master told me he had got me a situation. I was engaged to wait on the steward's room at the Earl of Normanbury's.

"Now, Clem," said he, with his honest eyes looking full into mine, "you have your future before you. With some boys I might feel a doubt whether I had done right in saying nothing of the past to this steward; with you I have none. I *know* that you will keep your promise to me."

"I will, Sir."

"I know that you will live down the evil that has attached to your name, and make yourself a new and upright character."

"God bless you, Sir, for trusting me. I will."

I went to my place, and found it a hard one. The ladies and gentlemen of the steward's room were difficult to please. I have waited on many real ones since, and found them considerably less so. But the set at Normanbury Park was a tip-top set, as Mr. Latchup the steward took care to inform me the very first day. "Every think in my apartments is most helegant," said he; "I see to that myself. We have things first-rate, *we* have; and of course are waited on according. His lordship ain't half as particklar how he's served as I am for my ladies and gentlemen." And this was true. I found, too, that the steward's boy was expected to do pretty nearly the whole work of the establishment, and to "do it willing." "None of yer hidle airs here!" the second footman said to me one day, when I remonstrated against doing some special work of his. "Who are *you*, pray, to talk to me about trouble? Why, a whipper-snapper like you has no call to know the meanin' of the word."

I had no proper name in that house. I was "Buttons!" "Lout!" "Young Shaver!" "Whipper-snapper!" "Butter-fingers!" "You Booby!" "Lazybones!" "Now, Stoopid!" "Great Gawk!" and a dozen other such flattering appellations. I was boxed, cuffed, sworn at, ridiculed, abused. My eyes were apostrophized in a manner far from complimentary. My awkwardness and vulgarity were a theme for continual comment. I had work and kicks in plenty, but no love. It was undeniably a hard place.

Mr. Latchup was a great man in every sense of the word; more than six feet high, and large in proportion. He had a grand manner, used grand language, and walked the floors grandly. They trembled under him, as did I. Nature seemed to me to have made a mistake in his case, and while he ought to have been the Earl of Normanbury, that nobleman, a little bald-headed personage, who sneaked about the house as though he was afraid to meet his own servants, should have been the steward. I saw many strange things there, which opened my mind not a little. I saw the contrast between the luxurious table of a great man's steward's room and the meagre fare of a poor curate, though the latter was a gentleman born and bred. I saw the waste, the airs, and extravagance of this pampered part of society, who eat and don't pay. I saw the jealousies, the heart-burnings, the contentions, the love-making, that went on in those luxurious lower regions; and I saw a great deal more that I won't even allude to here. For, although I was "Stoopid!" and a "Booby!" I had eyes, and used them.

In course of time, by dint of cuffs and hard names on the part of those ladies and gentlemen, and hard trying on mine, I had learned my business pretty thoroughly, and they were good enough to keep me tolerably well up to it. Mr. Latchup sometimes condescended to say I was not a bad sort of young feller, take me altogether, though denced low. But that was my calamity. It was not every one as was born with elevated idears, nor how could it be expected of the lower orders? Of course not.

But in sixteen months there came a thunder-clap. The butcher in B—— whose meat I had stolen had married a sister of Mr. Latchup, and, as ill luck would have it, Lord Normanbury being absent, the bride and bridegroom thought proper to take her brother in their way home after their wedding trip, and were, of course, luxuriously entertained in the steward's private apartments. The instant I beheld Mr. Lardner's face I knew my fate. His look of horrified surprise was more than enough for me.

How shall I describe the commotion that ensued? Every servant flew to examine his or her possessions; every drawer was turned inside out. Luckily for me, nothing was missed. The very scullery-maid couldn't say but what her things were right enough—and what a mussy, sure; when they might have been all pick-pocketed and murdered in their beds, and never known nothing about it.

That afternoon I was summoned to Mr. Latchup's private apartments, who, looming vast and tremendous, thus addressed me:

"Well, this here's a pretty go, this is. Now look here, and listen to me, young shaver. I don't deny but what you've behaved respectable on the whole while here, setting aside your vulgar ways, which you can't help, for you're born so; the lower orders air. But the ladies and gentlemen, d'ye see? as frequents these apartments ain't accustomed to the society of thieves, nor yet of the swell mob, d'ye see? and of course they couldn't think of putting up with it. And stealing a beggarly piece of soup meat! Yah!—so *low*. Consequently, I regret to communicate that you must go. Immediate. But you'll be treated handsome—that's my principle with the lower classes. Your month's wages and board wages. But don't you think for to come upon me for a reckmendation, because I can't give none. The responsibility would be too tremenjous."

I had worked hard—struggled hard—borne much in that house, all in the hope of redeeming my character, and keeping my promise to my dear master. I sneaked out of it like a convicted thief (*as I was*), with swollen eyes, a bursting heart, and a character blasted. Yet I was to forgive Philip!

I never thought of a dishonest life now—that time was past. I would go to my master, and lay my sorrow before him.

Alas! sorrow had been there before me. His little child had died some months previously of scarlet-fever, and he himself was dying now of rapid decline, the consequence of a cold caught one bitter night in attending a sick parishioner. His sweet wife came down, and told me these tidings with a pale, sad face, but without a tear. She had wept so much, she said, over that little grave, she seemed to have no tears left. The doctor had ordered him to see no one for long together; but when he heard I was there, nothing would satisfy him but that I must come in at once. Ah! how changed—how wan—how wasted was the dear face! But it had its old cheery smile yet, its bright, kindly expression. Nothing would change those, I thought, but death.

And I had not been long with him before he had comforted me so, that for the time, at least, I almost forgot my grief.

"Clem," said he, when he had listened to my tale with breathless interest, "it is hard, it *is* hard. But it is all right, nevertheless, as you'll know some day. You have fought a good fight, and been beaten down this time. Up again, my boy, and fight bravely on. Up again; you'll win at last."

"I haven't the heart, Sir. I can't fight no more."

"You can."

"No I can't, Sir. It's what they said in that—that place. My trouble 'll stick to me like pitch—always hunt me down. If I get clear of it for a bit, it'll find me out again wherever I am, and I shall end in *that place* at last."

He almost sprung up on his sofa. "No, no! a hundred times no!" he cried, his eyes dilating with eager excitement. "You'll live it down, my boy; you'll live it down! Believe *me*. I say you will."

He sank back exhausted. But presently, raising himself again slightly, he whispered: "And *I* see good in it, even now!"

"Good, Sir?"

"Yes; great good—for you can nurse me. I want you sadly, and my wife wants you. We have often wished you were here of late—we wished it when my—my little son was ill. Don't cry, Clem, my boy. Rather rejoice that you are sent here just in time to be of use to us."

This was how he comforted me and made me forget my grief.

I nursed him—ah! I am thankful to think, as tenderly as he had nursed my parents—and made it easier for that sweet lady too. She often said I seemed to have been sent to be a help to her, and she did not know how she should have got on without me.

By degrees I discovered how poor they were—how many things she longed to get for him that was quite beyond their means. When I learned that, I took a five-pound bank-note from my little hoard (I was rich, for I had spent but little at Lord Normanbury's, and had received a month's wages and board wages in advance on leaving), and inclosed it to her, with "From a true friend," in a feigned hand in the cover. I was present when she opened it. "See!" said she, "what Providence sends us! How can I ever be thankful enough?—For I think," the poor thing added, pausing suddenly, as though a doubt crossed her mind, "I think I'm justified in using it! It says 'From a true friend'—and he has many such who would be glad their money should benefit him. Yes—I'll use it. Clem! run out and buy a packet of isinglass for me, and a chicken from the poulterer's, will you, my boy?"

You may suppose I enjoyed seeing him eating that chicken—yes, and relishing it too! It was worth all the cuffs and hard names I had borne at Normanbury to have earned that for those two dear people.

Only once during his illness did he allude to Philip Steele, and then it was to tell me he was doing well in the service he had first entered. (I should have mentioned, by-the-by, that a gentleman in court that day had been so struck by his appearance and manner of giving his evidence that he made inquiries about him, and ended by taking him as page.)

"I could have wished to see him once again," my master said, "and to have asked you both to shake hands there by my bedside." (He was confined to his bed now.) "For you're a son of mine, you know, Clem, and he's another; and I can't have ill-will between my boys. But now I'll only say that if you wish to comfort my last hours you'll do your best to forgive him."

I tried to harden myself, but it wouldn't do. I saw the earnest look of his poor eyes, and I couldn't resist it.

"I *will* try, Sir."

A squeeze of the hand was all his answer, and he turned his face to the wall. But I knew that I had given him infinite pleasure.

He suffered much toward the close, but he wanted for nothing. His poverty had been discovered, and luxuries, delicate offerings, substantial aid poured in upon him from all sides. Every comfort and alleviation that money could procure were his in those last hours, whose very liberality had not only kept him poor, but had prevented others from realizing how poor he was.

The end came. I can't describe it. Those who saw will never forget it.

He had taken leave of me, and of some others, hours before, for, unlike most persons in his complaint, he was conscious he was dying.

"Clem," he said, "let it cheer you in this parting to know that you've been the greatest comfort to us both. And I *know* that you won't forget me."

"Never, Sir, while I live."

"But remember me for good, my boy. Let my memory rouse you to resist evil. When you're tempted, Clem—*when you're tempted*—then remember me and turn to Him!"

He raised his thin white hand as he spoke with a gesture of indescribable power. There was Heaven in his face then, the Heaven to which he was hastening.

He died not many hours after.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE of the last things my master did was to obtain from Mr. Tudor, the rector (to whom he had told my story), a promise that he would take me under his especial protection, and never rest till he had obtained me some employment. When, therefore, that gentleman was shortly after preferred to the deanery of R——, which removed him to a distant county, he took me into his own service as page. There I remained a couple of years, giving entire satisfaction, as I was told, but receiving very little; for there was not much sympathy in that house. The dean was absorbed in his learned books and writings, and the dean's lady almost as much so in fashionable visits. Still every thing was done orderly in their establishment, and the dinners were considered first-rate. And I had reason to be grateful to them, for, although they evidently distrusted me at first, they kept my secret, and thus gave me every chance of redeeming my character. From them I went to a neighboring gentleman as second footman, and there continued five years, leaving him to better myself again by going to a widow lady of rank as upper footman, with a considerable increase of wages. While with her I became engaged to a young fellow-servant, who, although decidedly above me in rank (she was my lady's own maid), allowed herself to be touched by my devotion and sincerely returned it. Fanny Pearson was remarkable for her beauty, but still more for her steadiness. We were too young and too poor to marry then of course (I was but six-and-twenty, and she a twelvemonth younger); but we agreed, with my lady's entire approbation, that as soon as we should have saved enough to make it prudent we would set up in business of some kind as man and wife.

Nearly ten years had now passed since the event I have related, and I did hope I had really lived the hated evil down. But I never forgot it. A thrill of horror would often dart through me as I pictured to myself what I should feel if that disgrace should ever reach to Fanny's ears. Yet sometimes I half resolved to tell her the whole, for I doubted whether it was honest, whether it was justifiable to keep from her such a fact. But I had not the courage to risk losing one I loved so dearly. I pondered over it uneasily; but I held my peace.

When I had been rather more than three years in my lady's service certain family changes obliged her to break up her establishment and join her son on the Continent. In announcing to me this necessity, not without expressing great regret at parting with me, she said she hoped to help me to a far better and more lucrative place than her own. I need not say that I thankfully accepted her offer of a strong written recommendation to Mr. Grant, a friend of hers in London, who was looking out for a very steady man-servant for his invalid cousin, and set off for the metropolis to try my luck. I found Mr. Grant the most fussy and suspicious of mortals. He seemed to doubt every thing, to be on his guard at all points, to be never tired of blessing his own soul and body. After my second interview with him he wrote my lady a string of questions as long as my arm, and appointed me a third time to learn his final decision. I went and was engaged. My lady's answer had been more than satisfactory. "Bless my soul and body! quite out of the way!"—and he handed me a note to take at once to my future mistress, informing her I was the servant he had engaged for her. As I was about to leave the room a footman, entering, informed him that the person who had called so many times before about Mrs. Hanway's place was there again now. "Again!" Mr. Grant exclaimed, excitedly. "Bless my soul, again! Dear me!" and running out into the hall, his servant and I following more leisurely behind, he fidgeted up to a man who was standing there hat in hand and exclaimed, "Bless my soul! here again! Why, I thought I told you I had nearly engaged a person—subject to character, of course! But that's turned out first-rate, and now I *have* engaged him."

"Very good, Sir. I beg your pardon—I only called just for the chance," a civil voice replied that made my blood run cold. Till then Mr. Grant had hid the speaker from my sight; but now, as he turned to leave him, we suddenly stood in full view of one another. It was *Philip Steele*. Handsome, well dressed, almost gentlemanlike in appearance—Philip Steele.

The blood rushed to my heart and brain; yet my senses were rather sharpened than otherwise, and I was able to observe him narrowly. He made one step forward, and said, with great respect to Mr. Grant, "May I venture to ask if that is the person you have engaged, Sir?"

"Bless my soul! yes, it is!" that gentleman replied, in a fever, directly. "Why? why? what? Bless my soul! what?"

"Because it is right to inform you, what you are probably not aware of, that that person, Clement Carew, was convicted of theft some years ago, and sent to prison."

Mr. Grant started as though he had been shot, and stared at him, trembling in every joint.

"Bless my soul! Bless *my* soul! *And* body! In prison!"

"He will not deny it himself, Sir, if you will kindly ask him."

He spoke with apparent reluctance, as though fulfilling an unpleasant duty.

Mr. Grant turned to me. "*Is* this true?" he cried, literally dancing about in the extremity of his horror.

He need not have asked. The truth was written in my face. I knew that I was white as the letter I held in my shaking hand. I was guilty; and looked so.

I returned him that letter without one word. Words would not come just then.

"Bless my soul! but this is shocking, you know!" Mr. Grant cried, his face shining with perspiration; "this is—this is shocking! A man I had actually engaged for that poor helpless lady! With such a character! To deceive one so! Bless my soul *and* body! I'm sure," turning to Philip, who stood there apparently unmoved, "I'm sure I'm infinitely indebted to you for having—"

But here words came to me, pouring forth from my bursting heart like a torrent.

"Yes, you *are* indebted! Yes, he spoke truth! I *was* sent to prison for theft—sent by *him!* I did steal a few pounds of meat to save my mother from starving! my mother who had nursed him day and night through a dreadful fever, and saved his life at the risk of her own!"

Then I turned and confronted *him* with glaring, murderous eyes.

"This is the second time you have denounced, destroyed me; and if I don't tear you limb from limb, where you stand, it's not for your sake, nor yet mine, but for one I won't even name in your presence. There! you've had your turn twice—the third may be mine!"

And dashing furiously past him, as he sprang aside, scared at the expression of my eyes, I threw myself on the door, and darted from the house.

I ran as I had ran the day of the theft—as though I sought to fly from my own despair—I never stopped till I had reached my lodging. I tore through the little shop—past the astonished greengrocer and his wife, scraping asparagus on the counter—up into my own room, and locked myself in like a hunted creature. Hunted! I *was* hunted by the ghost of my own deed! That curse had found me out again—dragged me down as it would always do—as those thieves had said it would! I was lost forever!

All that day I sat there immovable—trying to think—a dull sense of agony weighing me down! Oh! it was hard! it *was* hard! I had so striven for the right—so resisted every temptation to even trivial faults—so prided myself on my honest name—on the trust reposed in me! so gloried in my lady's high recommendation! And now disgraced! publicly proclaimed a *thief!* For Mr. Grant's servant had been present; and Mr. Grant himself would of course inform my lady. *Fanny would know it!* I covered my face with my hands, and groaned aloud, as I thought of that. I longed to die—to throw myself into the river, and end it all. There was no peace for me on earth—no hope! And all because of *him!* What would the master say now? He would have me forgive him, no doubt! Forgive him! I would rather die for destroying him, than I would forgive him now.

For three days I never moved from that room; the first night I never went to bed at all, but sat through the dark hours, motionless, staring at the sky, like one in a dream. The woman of the house, alarmed at my strange behavior, came up to my room several times, bringing food by way of excuse, and, to rid myself of her importunities, I tried to eat. On the fourth morning she brought a letter. It was from Fanny. I opened it mechanically; too well I knew what it would, what it must contain. And I was not mistaken. All was to end between us. I could not be surprised, she wrote, at her refusing to keep to an engagement made in utter ignorance of my former life. She would try and forgive the cruel wrong I had done her, the deception I had practiced, and I should have her prayers. But she must bid me farewell.

I sat gazing vacantly at this letter as it lay open before me, altogether unconscious that the woman of the lodging was lingering in the room watching me. At last she spoke.

"We've always been partickler, me and Spraggs have, about the lodgers we've took in, and never done a unjust thing by no one—not since we set up in the green-grocery business."

I looked up. I did not even comprehend her meaning.

"P'raps it'd be pleasanter for all parties if you was to suit yourself," she said, bluntly. "It's best to be straightforward, and so I tell ye."

I understood her now. *She, too, had heard it!*

Like one recovering from a long illness, feeble and sore smitten, I tottered from that place, and

went out into the cold, hard world again. I wandered far away into one of the humblest quarters of the town, and engaged the first poor room I could find. I had plenty of money. For a long time past I had been saving every penny I could spare with a precious object—I had saved for Fanny.

Not long after I fell seriously ill, and for a time I hoped that death would relieve me of my sufferings. But Providence had other things in sto[re] for me.

After many months, being offered work by a neighboring carpenter, who accidentally discovered my knowledge of the trade, I accepted it, more from a need of some occupation than from actual poverty. Then followed weeks, months, years of colorless, objectless existence, during which I performed mechanically the tasks set me, held no communication with any one that I could avoid, hated my species, almost hated myself; an existence without interest, without sympathy, *without forgiveness*. For I lived upon my resentment. I brooded over it. I renewed it day by day. I was forever picturing to myself with vindictive delight the vengeance I would wreak on that archenemy if I could. I longed that I were but free to injure, as I considered I was to abhor him. For my promise to my master was no longer binding in my eyes. No being in his senses could expect me to do other than hate Philip Steele now.

I pass over those years, dreadful and godless as they were. In my desolation I did sometimes utter the Publican's prayer; but I never went to church; I never knelt down for five long years. I dared to be angry with my Great Creator. I writhed under an unutterable sense of injustice. I thought myself a hunted, doomed, accursed creature, shut out from all sympathy and love—utterly and forever alone.

A misanthrope has generally himself to blame full as much as the world. I see now that much of what I endured at that time I might have spared myself. If, instead of flying from the struggle, I had fought on, as Mr. Penrhyn once advised, I should have won my way at last. For I had friends, who valued and would gladly have served me. My lady had taken no end of pains to sift my story, and had sought for me every where before she and Fanny went abroad. Dean Tudor had done the same, bearing strong and willing testimony in my favor; and last, but not least, my dear mistress, when she learned from him what had chanced, never ceased to make inquiries for me. But I had left no trace. In my agonized desire to hide myself from all the world I had changed my very name, and the words of kindness and encouragement that would have raised my crushed spirit were never spoken. So five dreary years passed by, and at thirty-one I was an old man in heart, if not in outward appearance. But long before that time I had engaged these premises and set up on my own account. I had a morbid satisfaction in never suffering a human being to cross my threshold except on business—in encouraging the belief that I was crazed, though harmless.

One evening I was returning home after a late walk, when my attention was arrested by a crowd that surrounded a humble door-step in a street not far off. I did what I had not done for months—I might say years before—I addressed myself, of my own accord, to a fellow-creature, and inquired what was the matter. "A man either dead or dying," was the reply. "A case of starvation, they say." I could scarcely account for the impulse that induced me to approach, and as I did so the crowd partially opened. "Has any one ever a drop of brandy?" a policeman inquired, looking round. I had. I always carried a small flask of it in my pocket, being subject to a sort of spasm. I gave it him, following in his wake as he pushed his way back again, stooping down at last over an object on the step, which his burly form concealed. "I can't get his mouth open," I heard him say. Then there was a buzz of voices.

"Yes—yes—there—he swallowed."

"He's not dead."

"Ain't he?"

"No. He did swallow."

"There! he's swallowed some more—plenty—no—he's not dead."

"That's enough—don't give him no more now."

And the policeman raised his tall figure and returned me the flask. In doing so he moved a little on one side, and disclosed the form of the dying man. He was pale as death, his features attenuated, his clothes travel-stained and torn, his hat fallen off, his hair matted together, his whole appearance ghastly in the extreme. But there was no mistaking Philip Steele.

I advanced a step or two to make sure of the fact. I gazed at him. I gloated over him.

"Have I found thee, O mine enemy?" I inwardly exclaimed.

Yes, I had found him, as my utmost malice could have wished to find him. He was in my power now. Oh joy unspeakable! Revenge at last!

The brandy had so far restored him that he showed signs of life, though still insensible. The police were talking of conveying him to the station-house, but I interfered.

"I know this man well," I said. "Bring him to my house. He is a—I will see to him myself."

As they carried him after me it occurred to me to ask myself what I should do with this enemy of mine now that he had fallen thus unexpectedly into my power. But I put off that consideration for the present. Let me but get him home! In the silence and solitude of my own house I would decide what to do with him.

He was brought in here—through this shop—up those stairs—and laid on my bed. Then some one volunteered to go for a doctor; and before you would have thought it possible one had arrived—a young man with a shrewd, care-worn countenance—and was in full examination of the case. He shook his head over it. He doubted the patient's surviving the night. There had been recent serious illness, it was clear—fever probably; and that, with want of food and overfatigue, had so prostrated the physical powers that he doubted their rallying at all. He would send medicines, however, to be administered according to the directions given, and on the care with which these were obeyed would probably depend the last chance of life. There ought to be constant watching, giving of occasional stimulants, and, later, food in very small quantities. Did I require a nurse? He could send a good one immediately.

No, I would not hear of a nurse. I shrank from the idea of such a spy upon my actions. I said I would do all that was necessary for the man myself.

Looking at me with that keen, almost suspicious eye of his, he remarked that he would call again in the morning, and handing me his card in case I should want him sooner, repeated his injunctions as to care, and departed.

I managed, not without difficulty, to undress the attenuated form, and lay it inside the bed; and having done so, went down to prepare myself some supper. I felt I must both eat and drink; strength might be required for what I had to do. Presently a boy brought the medicines—two bottles, on one of which was written, "To be taken immediately;" on the other, "A sixth part to be taken every two hours." I carried both up stairs with my supper, and, sitting down by the bed, began, for the first time, to think!

Here, then, was my enemy at my mercy. The man who had twice blighted my life, destroyed my character, was in my power. I had but to throw away those medicines, to leave him alone there, and he would die; the doctor had said so again and again. And I should be revenged. He had made my life a living death, and I should make his a real one. And no creature would know. I should be safe from all risk of detection—alone in the house with him—the key in my pocket. The doctor would come next morning, and find him dead (as he had almost foretold), one vial empty, the other partially so. No eye could detect, no being discover, the secret of that untimely end. Nor need I move a finger to produce it. It was simply to be passive myself, and to let him be so; to sit there watching the lamp of life die out, as it must die if no fresh oil replenished it. And I should be revenged.

But stay. Did I think no one would know? Was there not One who knew all—saw all? And in the eyes of that One what would this thing be? Would it be *murder?*

I turned, and looked, not without reluctance, at him. He was moving now, uneasily; his head had rolled quite off the pillow. Mechanically, as one picks up a thing dropped on the floor, I raised the weak head, and having smoothed the pillow, laid it down again. His eyes opened as I did so with a strange, unconscious stare, then he closed them with a groan. I sat down again. From my place by the bed I could see the sky, lovely with soft white clouds, through which the moon was sailing fast, sometimes obscured for a moment, then emerging purer and brighter than ever, surrounded by a wide circle of brilliant light. I gazed long, thinking in a puzzled sort of way of the Almighty being who had made those heavens with all their countless stars, which might, for aught I knew, be each a separate world, wondering, with a sudden sense of awe, whether He was there, looking upon me now, as I sat in that dark room, brooding, meditating—*what?*

Suddenly the prostrate form raised itself, and, with a wild stare and wilder utterance, Philip cried out, "Drink! drink! give me drink!"

That cry recalled me to myself. I went to the drawers where stood the two medicine vials side by side—his life, the doctor had said. I took the one "to be given immediately," poured it into a tumbler, and, supporting him with one hand, held it to his lips with the other, looking away from him as I did so. He drank it with indescribable greediness. "Bless you! bless you for that!" he faltered, in a faint, choked voice, and fell back again.

Something in that unconscious blessing moved me strangely. It seemed as though he thanked me for sparing his life. Then all at once, as I looked up at the placid moon, whose rays made quite a broad path of light through the chamber, the image of that young curate rose before me. I saw in my mind's eye his pale, earnest face, his kind eyes, as plain as I see you now. Again those words sounded in my ears, "Remember me for good! When you are tempted, *then* remember me, and turn to Him. There is no happiness in hating; there is a God-like joy in forgiving."

Yes, I could imagine that joy now. I had tasted something of it but a few moments since, when I raised the weak form and administered the saving draught. "We can not go on really hating those we benefit. It is not in our human nature." How that man's words seemed to live again!

I looked at Philip. Pale, utterly helpless, he lay there wholly at my mercy. But he was safe from me now—safe as though his mother watched beside him. He was no longer my enemy. My rancorous hatred seemed to have fled—vanished with the service I had rendered him. I felt I *could* forgive him, freely, unreservedly, as I hoped to be forgiven.

I knelt down, and with my eyes fixed on his pale face, prayed, *really* prayed, for the first time for all those years. And then came over me such a flood of thankfulness as I had never known, never conceived before. And all through that long night of watching the spirit of my master was with me, and his words were ever sounding in my ears, "There is a God-like joy in forgiving."

From that time I was an altered man. A great load seemed to have been suddenly lifted off me, and I was once more free. My enemy had reconciled me with my kind, and my hand was no longer against every man, and every man's hand against me.

When the doctor came the next morning he not only found his patient alive but better than he had imagined possible. Indeed, he has since confessed that from all he had heard of my strange habits he had thought the poor man's chance of life but a small one, and he could scarcely conceal his astonishment at the tender care with which I nursed and waited on him. That care had to be long continued, and I was at last compelled to seek for aid during the daytime, to enable me to attend to the business on which my livelihood and his depended. The doctor told me of a young woman, a servant out of place, who had quite a natural turn for nursing, and who, he was sure, would willingly give her services for some hours daily, if requested. I thankfully accepted his offer to speak to her. She came, and I leave you to imagine what I felt when I found my Fanny in that kind assistant—Fanny, who had never forgotten, never ceased to seek me since the real particulars of my story had been known, who had shed no end of tears on my account—Fanny, who had nursed her lady in her last illness at Paris, and had inherited a nice little sum at her death, enough to make it not imprudent now that she should marry—Fanny, who had found me out some time before, in spite of my change of name, and had adopted this method of once more meeting me—Fanny, who told me that she loved me better now for what I had done for the helpless man up stairs than she had ever done before, and would help me to tend and nurse him, not at this time only, but through life if need be!

And she did help me, bearing, as we long had to bear, with the peevish fretfulness, the fearful despondency of his peculiar disease, cherishing and serving him all the more the more he needed help and pity. I will not dwell on his remorse, when, after a weary interval of suffering, his mind at last resumed enough of tone to enable him to comprehend something of the circumstances that surrounded him. Enough to say, that during the eight happy years of our married life he has eaten of our bread, drunk of our cup, and been to us as a brother, nor will he quit us while we live. His illness left him far weaker in mind than in body. Drink had been his ruin. He had had no less than three attacks of delirium tremens; the last but a short time before I found him. And even now, though harmless and affectionate—and who can say how grateful?—he is not to be trusted by himself, for he can not resist temptation, and the least drop of drink upsets and drives him wild. He helps me in the shop, and watches over our children with a great devotion. He is out at this moment with our eldest girl—just seven—and will have kept her from the rain at the expense of a wetting himself. In the night-school I have organized, and which is one of my greatest pleasures, he is of infinite service. And there is not one of the boys there who does not know my story. For I am a living proof myself of the strength of early impressions, and I should strive to make them of use to others too. They may disappear for a time and be forgotten; but, like invisible ink, they come out again, when exposed to the heat of temptation or suffering, and remain indelible. And many a lad has been lost after once falling for want of a strong kindly hand to help him up again, a cheery voice like my dear master's to say "Fight on! Fight on! Live down the evil you have done, and make yourself a new and upright name!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

WOMEN IN PARAGUAY.—Every body smokes in Paraguay, and nearly every female above thirteen years of age chews. We are wrong. They do not chew, but put the tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly except when eating, and instead of chewing roll it about with their tongue and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds. She puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair taper fingers of the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish-black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and depositing the savory morsel on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face, and is ready for your salute. We have sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner turn with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *el savaco* (the savage) applied to him by the offended beauty for this sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, perforce of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one-half you meet are really tempting enough to render you reckless of consequences. You would sip the dew of the proffered lips in the face of a tobacco battery, even the double-distilled "honey-dew" of old Virginia.

PUTTING DOWN A BULLY.—A singular incident occurred at the Cafe Français in 1816, at the corner of the Rue Lafitte. A celebrated duelist entered, and began insulting all the persons who were seated at dinner. He boasted of his courage, and declared his determination to kill a certain M. de F——. A gentleman present, disgusted at such braggart insolence, quietly walked up to this fire-eater, and addressed him thus: "As you are such a dangerous customer, perhaps you will accommodate me by being punctual at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, near the Porte Máillot, at mid-day to-morrow; earlier I can not get there, but depend upon my arriving in due time with swords and pistols." The duelist began to demur, saying he did not know what right a stranger had to take up the cudgels of M. de F——; to which the gentleman replied: "I have done so because I am anxious to rid society of a dangerous fellow like yourself, and would recommend you before you go to bed to make your will. I will undertake to order your coffin and pay your funeral expenses." He then gave the waiter a note of 1000 francs, with the injunction that his orders should be executed before eleven the following day. This had the desired effect of intimidating the bully, who left Paris the following day, and never more was heard of or seen in public.

FOLEY THE FIDDLER.—The most extraordinary and the best-attested instance of enthusiasm in conjunction with perseverance, says Coleridge, is related of the founder of the Foley family. This man, who was a fiddler living near Stourbridge, was often witness of the immense labor and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process called splitting-mills was first made in Sweden, and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the manufacturers of iron about Stourbridge. Foley the fiddler was shortly missed from his accustomed rounds, and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the process of splitting bars of iron was accomplished; and, without communicating his intention to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and thence, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron foundries, where, after a long time, he became a universal favorite with the workmen; and, from the apparent entire absence of intelligence or any thing like ultimate object, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and having stored his memory with observations and all the combinations, he disappeared from among his kind friends as he had appeared—no one knew whence or whither. On his return to England he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr. Knight and another person in the neighborhood, with whom he was associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected and machinery provided. When at length every thing was prepared it was found that the machinery would not act; at all events, it did not answer the sole end of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron. Foley disappeared again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away forever. Not so: again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron-works, where he was received most joyfully, and, to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting-mill itself. Here was the very end and aim of his life obtained beyond his utmost hope. He examined the works, and very soon discovered the cause of his failure. He now made drawings or rude tracings, and having abided an ample time to verify his observations, and to impress them clearly and vividly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the results of his experience enriched himself and greatly benefited his countrymen.

A CHINESE DINNER.—A traveler recently arrived from Pekin gives the following description of a Chinese dinner: "The first course consisted of a kind of square tower formed of slices of breast of goose and of a fish which the Chinese call 'cow's head,' with a large dish of hashed tripe and hard eggs of a dark color preserved in lime. Next came grains of pickled wheat and barley, shell-fish unknown in Europe, enormous prawns, preserved ginger, and fruits. All these are eaten with ivory chop-sticks, which the guests bring with them. On grand occasions the first dish is always birdsnest soup, which consists of a thick gelatinous substance. Small cups are placed round the tureen, each containing a different kind of sauce. The second course was a ragout of sea-snails. At Macao these are white, but at Ningpo they are green, viscous, and slippery, by no means easy to pick up with small sticks. Their taste resembles that of the green fat of turtle. The snails were followed by a dish of the flesh covering the skull of sturgeons, which is very costly, as several heads are required to make even a small dish. Next a dish of sharks' fins mixed with slices of pork, and a crab salad; after these a stew of plums and other fruit, the acidity of which is considered a corrective for the viscous fat of the fish; then mushrooms, pulse, and ducks' tongues, which last are considered the *ne plus ultra* of Chinese cookery; deer's tendons—a royal dish, which the Emperor himself sends as a present to his favorites—and Venus's ears, a kind of unctuous shell-fish; lastly, boiled rice, served in small cups, with acanthus seeds preserved in spirits, and other condiments. Last of all tea was served."

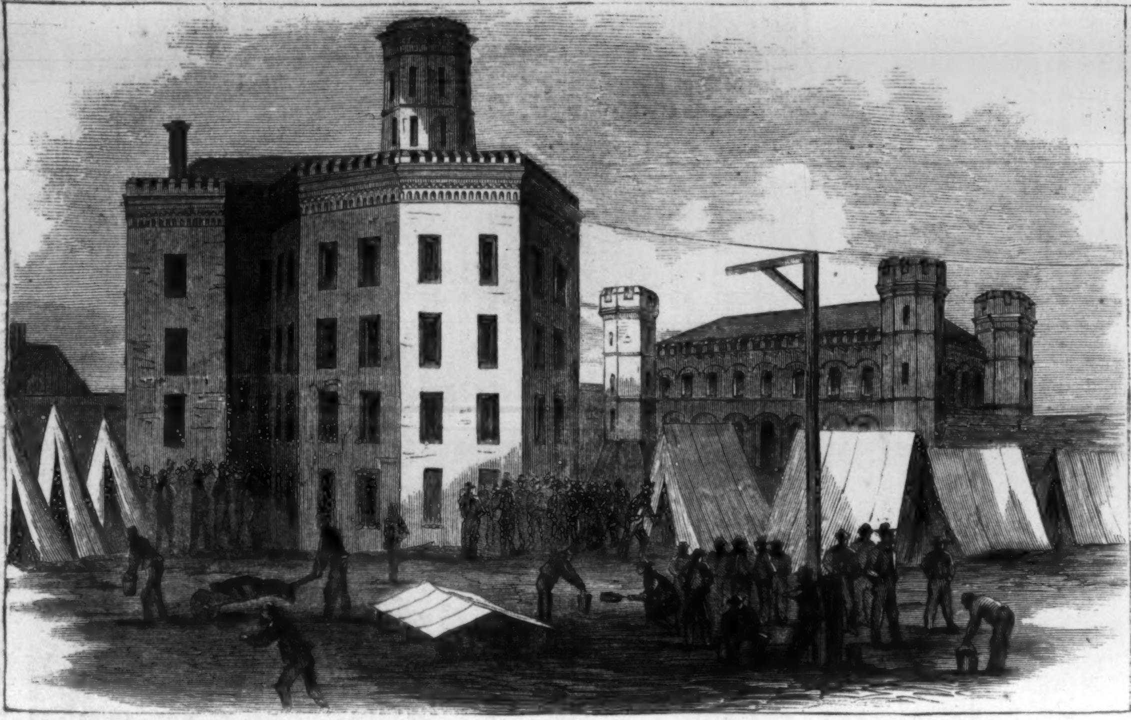
AN HEROIC POINTSMAN.—The Berlin journals relate the following incident which has just taken place in Prussia: "A pointsman was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in hand, for a train was signaled. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, perceived his little boy playing on the rails of the line the train was to pass over. With an heroic devotedness to his duty, the unfortunate man adopted a sublime resolution. 'Lie down!' he shouted out to the child, but as to himself he remained at his post. The train passed along on its way, and the lives of 100 passengers were perhaps saved. But the poor child! The father rushed forward expecting to take up only a corpse, but what was his joy on finding that the boy had at once obeyed his order? He had lain down, and the whole train had passed over him without injury. The next day the King sent for the man, and attached to his breast the medal for civil courage."

PLAYING FOR SINGULAR STAKES.—Strange stakes were sometimes made at cards in the early days of the eighteenth century; and among these one mentioned by Sykes is perhaps the oddest. In Durham, at Chester-le-Street, at the sign of the Salmon, in October, 1725, a child of James and Elizabeth Leesh was played for at cards—four shillings being staked against the child—by Henry and John R. Trotter, Robert Thompson, and Thomas Ellison, and won by the latter, being duly delivered to them. It does not appear what the father and mother thought of the transaction, but as the child was handed over to the parties, we must presume that the parents consented.

FINGER-RINGS.—It is in the oldest of histories, the Book of Moses, that we find the earliest records of the use of the finger-ring. It originally appears to have been a signet, used as we now use a written autograph; and it is not a little curious that the unchanged habit of Eastern life renders the custom as common now as it was three thousand years ago. When Tamar desired some token by which she should again recognize Judah, she made her first request for his signet, and when the time of recognition arrived it was duly and undoubtedly acknowledged by all.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Nature adorned Marie Antoinette with all the gifts that made her an object of admiration. In shape tall, her movements were swanlike in carriage and deportment; in elegance such as to lose nothing of her majesty; her hair was blonde and silken, its warm tints reminding the beholder of the wavy tresses of Titian; a lofty oval forehead, like to the fair daughters of the Danube; eyes of liquid azure, in which the calm and the tempest of the soul made the look by turns sleep or undulate; the mouth Austrian, by her family, a mingling of pride and of a smile; the chin turned up; her color heightened by the chill climate of the north; an irresistible grace shed like a youthful vapor over all her features, which did not allow her to be viewed but through an atmosphere of fire or inebriation.

SICK CHILDREN.—Few things in life are more piteous than the sufferings of a sick child. Perhaps, if we came to reason about the matter, we should find a still profounder sadness in the condition of a sick man or woman; for the adult is more conscious of his state and of all that it implies, and is oppressed, as the child can not be, with a sense of duties deferred, of plans broken off, of responsibilities to others rendered impossible of discharge, of an incomplete past and a doubtful future. But on these occasions we do not think so much as feel; and our feelings are touched in the case of the child more than in that of the grown-up person, to whom suffering, in all degrees and forms, seems but too natural. Childhood we are apt to associate (somewhat blindly, it is to be feared) with uniform cheerfulness and enjoyment; and, at any rate, there is something extremely pathetic in the contrast between the blithe activity of a healthy child and the terrible repose or feverish restlessness of one struck down by a serious ailment. Unfortunately it happens that children are peculiarly liable to disease. There is a whole class of maladies which seem specially prepared for the affliction of infancy and adolescence, and from which maturer years are saved; and, besides these, the young are subject to many of the complaints of after-life as well. Measles and scarlatina, small-pox and water on the brain, hooping-cough and diphtheria, besides a host of others, lie in wait for the little creatures even before they can run alone; and, if they get safely past these, they are threatened in many other ways from day to day. A chill, a fall, a fright, a want of sufficient nourishment, or an excess of it—a hundred little things which, when the frame grows stronger, are thrown off with almost total impunity—plunge the child into weeks of sickness, and not infrequently end in death. If this be the case in the well-to-do classes, how much more is it so among the poor, whose children—not always from the unkindness of their parents, but often from hard necessity—are left to take their chance in the battle of existence, and to sink or struggle through, according as Nature has given them a weak or a sturdy constitution! The ancient Spartans had a grim custom of getting rid of all sickly infants, as not being fitted for the rough work of the world; and the humbler classes of our own time and country are compelled to proceed, as a matter of fact, on much the same principle. They can not shelter the frail blossoms that need so much artificial warmth and tendance to save them from extinction; they know that they are born to speedy death; and they comfort themselves with the reflection that a feeble boy or girl is out of place among the iron conditions of their toiling world, and that it is "all for the best" when they die. But, in the mean while, before the kindly release arrives, the miseries of the poor infants are lamentable to see or to contemplate. Sickness with all the palliations of wealth is bad enough; but sickness with poverty—sickness with insufficient food, with damp and ill-warmed rooms, with precarious medical attendance, with defective medicine, with little or no nurture, and with nothing to relieve the monotony of pain and the languor of disease—this, which is the fate of thousands of unhappy children around us at the present moment, is indeed one of the saddest episodes in the history of life.



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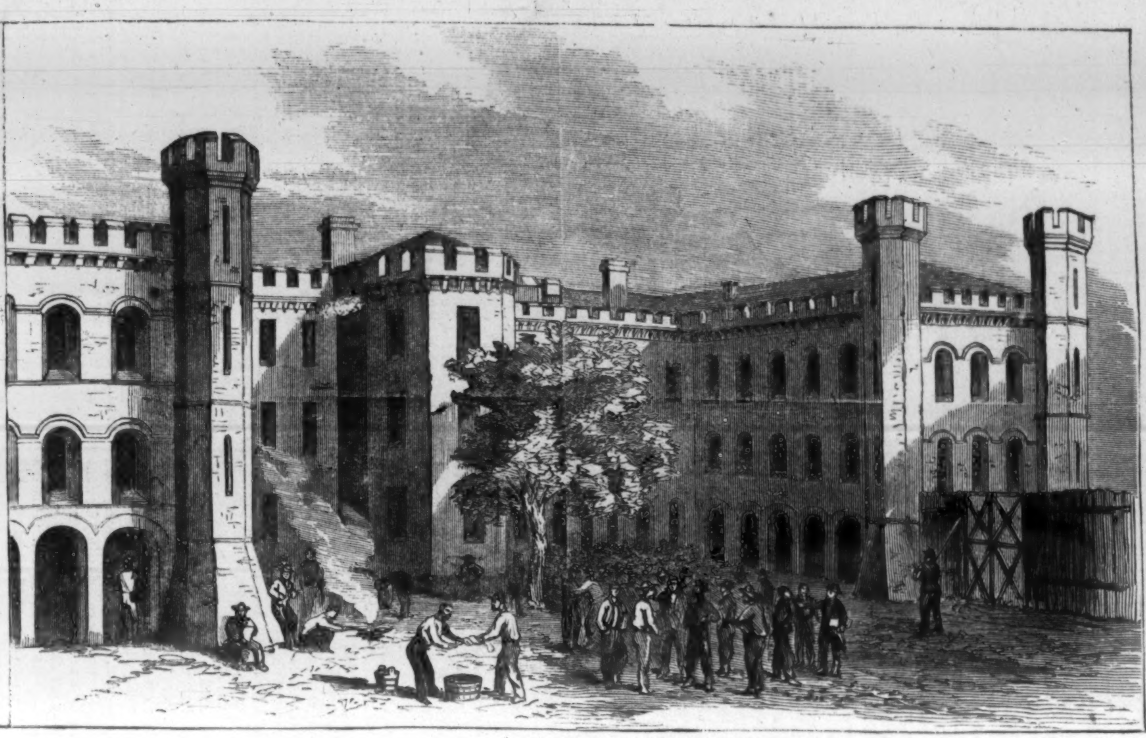
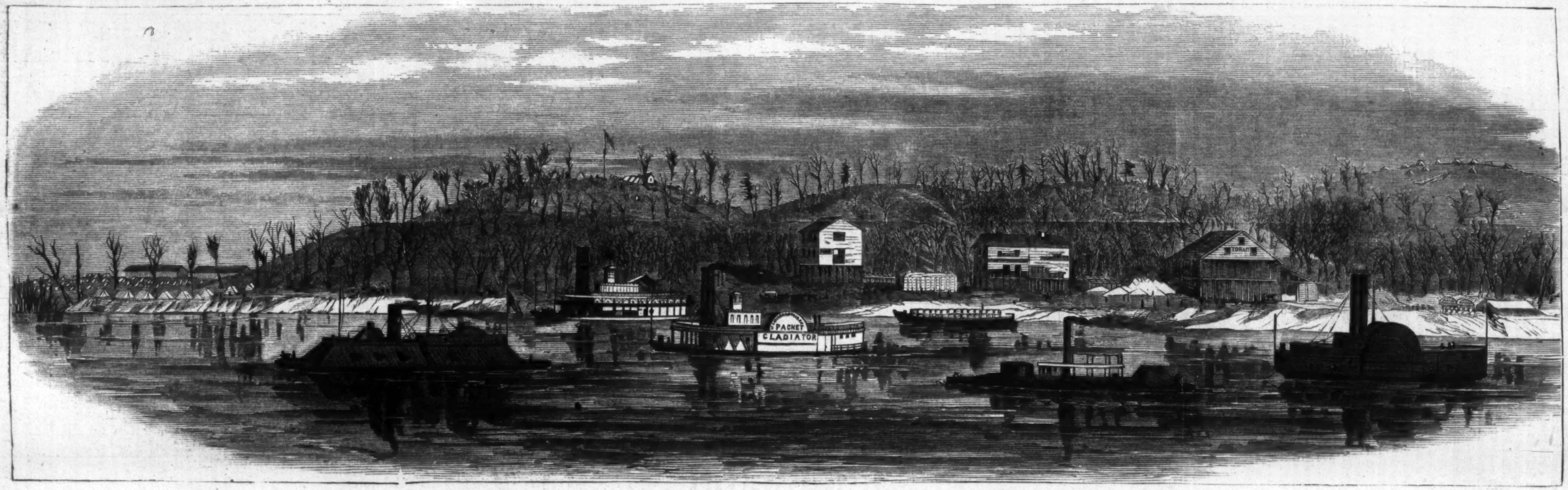


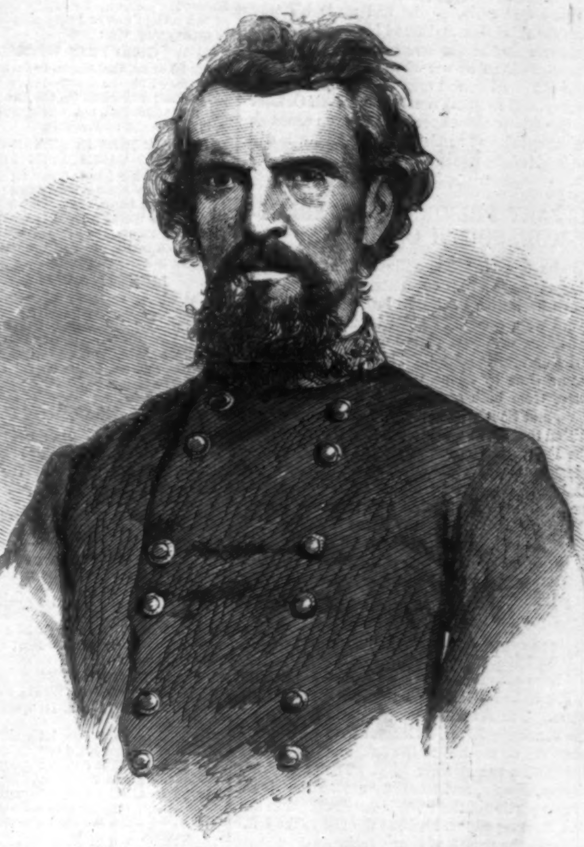
WORK-HOUSE.

MIL ITARY PRISONS AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—Sketched by Lieutenant F. Millward.—[See Page 110.]



EASTPORT, MISSISSIPPI, GENERAL THOMAS'S HEAD-QUARTERS, January, 1865.—Sketched by Adam Rohe.—[See Page 110.]

GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, REBEL SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MINNIS, RICHMOND.]



THE REBEL GENERAL N. B. FORREST.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. J. SELBY, CORINTH, MISS.]

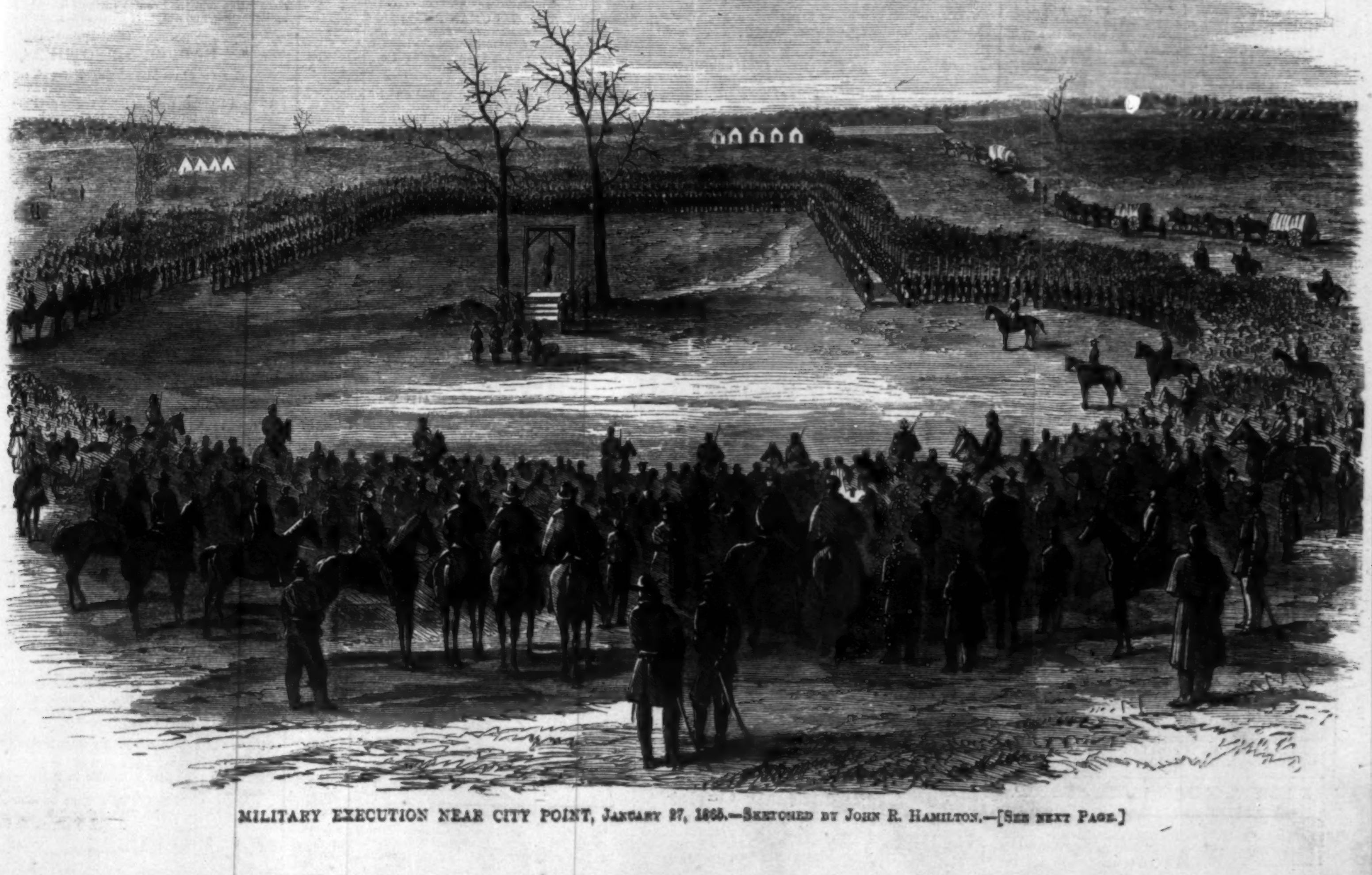
GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE has just been appointed rebel Secretary of War, in place of SEDDON, resigned. The past political and military career of Mr. BRECKINRIDGE is already familiar to our readers. He was born near Lexington, Kentucky, January 21, 1821; was educated for the profession of law, but at the breaking out of the war with Mexico he entered the military service, though so late that he saw but little active service. Upon his return he was elected to the Kentucky Congress, and in 1851 to the United States Congress. In 1856 he was elected Vice-President, and in virtue of that office became President of the Senate, being the youngest officer who ever held that position. He was nominated for President in 1860 by the extreme Southern party, but was defeated. Elected to the Senate, he held his seat during most of the Extra Session beginning July 4, 1861. Toward the last of the Session he went over to the Confederates, and published a letter stating his reasons for taking this step. He was afterward formally expelled from the Senate for disloyalty.

His military career has not been a remarkable one. He first entered the campaign in Kentucky. He participated in the battle of Stone River, having risen previous to that date to the rank of Major-General. He held an important command in Louisiana in the summer of 1863. On the 5th of August he attacked the Federal garrison at Baton Rouge and was repulsed. His later campaigns in East Tennessee or in Virginia have not brought him any enviable distinction as a military officer. It remains to be seen what he can accomplish as Confederate Secretary of War.

GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

We give above a portrait of Major-General N. B. FORREST, the great cavalry leader of the Confederates in the West. He has been connected with the war from the first, and the most daring of the Confederate raids have been accomplished by his command. He had a brigade of cavalry at Fort Donelson, and to prevent being captured with the garrison he cut his way out with a portion of his command. In our advance southward he has been a most formidable enemy, falling upon our communications, capturing our supply trains, or swooping down upon some feebly-defended town as he did upon Memphis last summer. It was General FORREST, without doubt, that saved General HOOD'S army from utter destruction, by covering his retreat across the Tennessee.



MILITARY EXECUTION NEAR CITY POINT, JANUARY 27, 1865.—SKETCHED BY JOHN R. HAMILTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

WE illustrate on page 109 the military execution of private NEWELL W. ROOT, *alias* GEORGE H. HARRIS, for the crime of desertion, at City Point, January 27, 1865. It appears that, deluded by General LEE's Order No. 65, he had made his way through the rebel lines and found his way to Louisa, Kentucky, where he was arrested while attempting to pass himself off as one of their deserters. He was one of 170 misguided men who had deserted to the enemy, and left Richmond on the 10th October last. Seventy of these have already been arrested, fifteen executed, and unrelenting martial law is still on the track of the remainder.

MILITARY PRISONS IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE give on page 108 two illustrations representing the prisons in which our officers have been confined at Charleston, S. C. In last August the jail and yard were occupied by six hundred army and navy officers, who were placed under the fire of our batteries on Morris Island. They were occupied at the same time by felons, murderers, lewd women, deserters from both armies, United States colored soldiers, and Southern slaves, most of whom were permitted to walk at will among the officers. When all the Federal officers were moved from Macon to Charleston, at the time of STONEMAN's raid, the Work-house and Roper Hospital had to be used as prisons. Of the former we give an illustration. The Roper Hospital was the finest building ever used for a military prison North or South. Indeed, the officers preferred that the shelling should be ten times as severe than to be removed to any other prison.

EASTPORT, MISSISSIPPI.

WE have engraved on page 108 a view of Eastport, Mississippi—General THOMAS's recent headquarters. The town is situated on the west side of the Tennessee River. General THOMAS's headquarters are on the hill to the left, and General A. J. SMITH's on the steamer *Lilly*. The *Carondelet*, *Lexington*, *Neosho*, and *Gladiator* are on the river. The main portion of the town is not disclosed in the sketch, it being situated behind the hill to the left. It is just at the mouth of Bear Creek.

The rebel army have gone into winter-quarters a few miles south of Eastport, at Tupelo. It will not be long before we shall again hear from General THOMAS.

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For $2 25 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 75 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
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For $3 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
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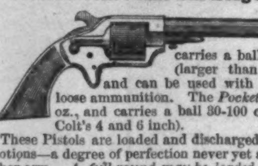

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3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	" 8
5,000 Jet and Gold Brancelets	6	" 10
2,000 Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	" 20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	" 10
5,000 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches...	4	" 8
3,000 Gold, Cameo, and Pearl Ear Drops...	4	" 6
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops..........................	4	" 8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops.	4	" 6
4,000 California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	" 10
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	" 8
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides..........	3	" 10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	" 8
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10,000 Miniature Lockets	2 50	" 10
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5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4	" 10
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10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings..........	2 50	" 10
10,000 California Diamond Rings	2	" 10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold ..	5	" 15
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10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils..........................	4	" 10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	" 10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	" 25
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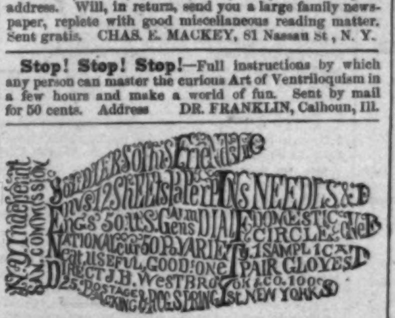

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